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THE WOUNDED AT WATERLOO.

From the New Monthly Magazine, Nov. 1817.

THE subjoined extract from the *Surgical Observations* lately published by Mr. CHARLES BELL, Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, will be interesting to the British reader from the glorious subject with which it is so intimately connected; and at the same time reflects great credit on the motives and feelings of that eminent practitioner.

"On the breaking out of the war, says Mr. Bell, I intended to follow the army for a short part of the campaign. My purpose was to perfect my knowledge of gunshot wounds; to observe the difficulties of the wounded on a great scale; to learn the sentiments of the army surgeons engaged in regard to some questions purely practical, to enrich my collection not only of cases, but of pathology and of preparations, and thus to fit myself the better to deliver my lectures on these subjects.

"Before I arrived in Brussels the battle of Waterloo had been fought; and in one day the campaign was concluded. Here witnessing the zeal of the army surgeons, and seeing them harassed by days and nights of uninterrupted professional duties, my first impulse was to express my sense of their unexampled exertions when I thought my testimony might be of weight from its disinterestedness.

"I had been for some days engaged in making my notes and sketches in the

public hospitals, when report led me to an empty barrack, afterwards called the Hôpital de la Gendarmerie. Here the very worst aspect of war presented itself: our soldiers were bringing in the French wounded. They continued to be brought in for several successive days; and I saw the British soldiers, who in the morning were moved by the piteous cries of those they carried, in the evening hardened by the repetition of the scene and by fatigue, and indifferent to the suffering they occasioned.

"It was now the thirteenth day after the battle. It is impossible for the imagination to conceive the sufferings of men rudely carried at such a period of their wounds. When I first entered this hospital, these Frenchmen had been roused and excited in an extraordinary degree, and in the glance of their eyes there was a character of fierceness which I never thought to have witnessed in the human countenance. They were past the utterance of what, if I might read the countenances, was unsubdued hatred and desire of revenge.

"On the second day the temporary excitement had subsided. Turn which way I might I encountered every form of entreaty from those whose condition left no need of words to stir compassion.

"*Major, O comme je souffre! Pansez, pansez!—Docteur je me recommande à vous: coupez ma jambe! O! je souffre*

beaucoup, beaucoup !" And when those entreaties were unavailing, you might hear in a weak inward voice of despair ; "*Je mourrai ! je suis un homme mort !*"

The tones were too true to nature soon to loose their influence. At four in the morning I offered my services ; and at six I entered on the most painful duty of my life, in inspecting and operating on these unfortunate men. I was thus engaged uninterruptedly from six in the morning till seven at night for three successive days.* There was now no time for improvement. The objects for which I had come abroad were laid aside, for it was necessary to put hands to the work. I was now convinced of the injustice of expecting information from those who, if they have the common qualities of our nature, must have every faculty bound up in duty to the sufferers : cases and

observations cannot be drawn ; a certain general impression remains, and the individual instance must be very remarkable that is remembered at all.

" I know not what notions my feeling countrymen have of thirty thousand men thrown into a town and its environs. They still their compassionate emotions by subscriptions ; but what avails this to the wounded who would exchange gold for a bit of rag ! If men would encounter the painful reality, and allow themselves for a moment to think of the confusion that must attend such a scene ; the difficulty of arrangement ; the many, very many cases where knowledge, decision, and dexterity are more necessary than in any other situation of life ; if they would consider that from the pressure of the time the surgeon requires personal and constitutional strength, as well as the promptitude gained by long study and experience, they would be led to inquire what duties had been performed, and what consideration had attended the unexampled exertions of the army surgeons after the battle of Waterloo."

London, Sept. 1817.

* " This hospital of the French wounded was just forming in the most difficult circumstances. When I was there, it had not yet assumed the system of the other hospitals. It was the last hospital formed, where full 30,000 men had been accommodated ; and yet there was no want of any thing essential, and the exertions of the medical officers were unremitting to bring it into order."

From the Literary Gazette.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.—LETTERS FROM LONDON.

LETTER VI.

I MUST leave this town, my dear sister ; I must fly from it forever. All my speculations have failed. A governess of unimpeached morals, cannot earn a decent subsistence in it, though even hairdressers drive their own tandems, and tailors entertain their customers with turbot and champaign. Every day some new trade is invented. A man has made a fortune here by staining bottles so as to imitate the incrustation of old port. A certain dentist purchased several thousand teeth plucked from the jaws of those young warriors who fell at Waterloo ; and it is now no uncommon circumstance to see a dowager of seventy, displaying, in her smile, two rows of posthumous pearls, once the property of some serjeants in the forty-second regiment, or of some privates in the Connaught rangers. The great secret is to get a hard name for yourself, or your shop, or your goods.

A book called " The Art of Dancing," would not sell at all, but yclep it " The Treasures of Terpsichore," and the whole world will buy it. Tooth-powder must be termed Oriental Dentrifice, and pomatum, Pommade divine. A shop must be called a Bazaar, and a dress-maker has no chance of success, unless she entitle herself a Marchande des Modes, or a Tailleuse. I went to one the other day to bespeak something ; absolutely she was unintelligible. She talked of toques, cornettes, tulle fichés, coiffures, slashes, and capotes. She earnestly recommended to me curls à la corkscrew, eau de Ninon for washing my face, and pommade de concombre for anointing it !

As it is now the middle of summer, one might imagine that the town would be altogether deserted. Quite the contrary. This is the height of the season, and the fashionables, content with pots of

mignonette and wreathes of artificial flowers, are unwilling to ruralize amidst brooks and meadows, till the brooks are encrusted with ice, and the meadows covered with snow.

Nay, not only do they reverse the seasons, by transferring to summer the natural amusements of winter, but they likewise turn day into night and night into day. From eight to nine o'clock is the usual time for dining; and I know a young country gentleman, who having been met in the street and asked to dine, by a friend, was obliged to refuse the invitation on the plea of his having already supped.

"Besides," said this young gentleman to me, "I who have so restricted an income, really cannot afford to dine out often." "Nay," cried I, "your limited means ought to make such a saving very acceptable." "A saving!" exclaimed he, "it is the most extravagant plan you can conceive. Coach-hire, and the servants' vails for handing plates, and returning one's hat safe, cost twice as much as a dinner at a coffee-house. Believe me, a man of moderate fortune here, would soon ruin himself by dining at other people's expense. Besides, the lady of the house probably compels you to play at

cards; in which case you may lose in half an hour, the price of three hundred and sixty-five dinners."

"Of course you may, if you stake much money," replied I.

"Ay, or if you do not stake a single farthing," said he, "for, now that money is scarce, there are some who have adopted the system of playing *sheep* points and *bullock* rubbers!"

"Probably then," said I, "they will soon begin to play for each other's wives and daughters."

"They would not consider that high play enough," answered my friend, "and in this they are borne out by the law; for if I steal a man's snuff-box, I am hanged; but if I steal his daughter, I am only fined."

Wonder not then, good sister, that I, who have no money, should quit a town, where one person is esteemed wiser or better or wittier than another, by a percentage on his pocket. I return to the country with renovated delight; nor have I gained much more by my trip to town, than the conviction of this truth, that we can never estimate the blessings of tranquillity, till we have experienced the turbulence and heartlessness of the busy world.

From the British Critic, Oct. 1817.

THE NAIAD, A TALE : WITH OTHER POEMS.

THIS is really a pleasing little poem : the story of it is tastefully chosen, and told with lightness; the descriptions which it contains are given in a wild and fanciful manner, and in a versification which, though unequal, is upon the whole agreeably tuned. We could indeed wish that these merits were not so often thrown into the shade, by prettinesses, and simplenesses, and sillinesses, and all those other childish affectations, which the imitators of Mr. Wordsworth are so apt to suppose inseparable from the other qualities of his poetry; and, but that the present is, we imagine, our poet's first appearance before our tribunal, we should perhaps feel disposed to be less lenient than we intend to be. We should be sorry to discourage an author of promise, even though his merits may possibly be only of a subordinate quali-

ty; more especially when, as in the present instance, his faults are not inherent in his genius, but merely the accidental fruits of having injudiciously chosen his model. We do not mean to say, generally, that Mr. Wordsworth is an improper model of poetry; though unquestionably he will be found a very dangerous one; we only mean, that when a writer is induced to model his compositions upon those of another, he should select one whose genius is cast in a mould similar to his own. To emulate a writer, simply because we admire him, is a very unsafe proceeding. Nothing can be more natural than to feel admiration for the beautiful qualities of Mr. Wordsworth's mind, and nothing more easy than to imitate the occasional childishness and affectation of his manner; but a person must not suppose himself like Alexander, merely be-

cause he can walk with his neck awry. Our author's genius is as distinct from Mr. Wordsworth's as is well conceivable; lightness and playfulness of fancy are the qualities which he should principally cultivate, as they seem to be those which are most within his reach; and these qualities, we should imagine, may be studied almost any where, rather than in the "Lyrical Ballads." But this is not the place for a critical dissertation.

The poem professes to be founded upon an old Scotch ballad, which the author procured from a young girl of Galloway, who delighted in treasuring up the legendary songs of her country. As our author says so, we conclude this to be the fact; but the subject of the tale is so exactly similar to that of Goëthe's "Fisherman," that we can hardly keep ourselves from suspecting the "young girl of Galloway" and the "German Baron of Weimar" to be, what one cannot easily understand how two such dissimilar characters should be, one and the same person. However this be, we have no right to accuse our author of plagiarism, for he himself points out the coincidence.

"One of the ballads of Goethe, called 'the Fisherman,' is very similar in its incidents to it; Madame de Stael in her eloquent work on Germany, thus describes it. 'A poor man, on a summer evening, seats himself on the bank of a river, and as he throws in his line, contemplates the clear and liquid tide which gently flows and bathes his naked feet. The nymph of the stream invites him to plunge himself into it; she describes to him the delightful freshness of the water during the heat of the summer, the pleasure which the sun takes in cooling itself at night in the sea, the calmness of the moon when its rays repose and sleep on the bosom of the stream: at length the fisherman attracted, seduced, drawn on, advances near the nymph, and forever disappears.'"

Except that the "Fisherman" is changed into a young and handsome baron, riding along the banks of the stream, attended by a page, on his way to meet his beautiful bride, who is supposed to be waiting his arrival with all the preparations of music and dancing, the above extract will at once put our readers in possession of the sum and substance of the poem which we are now desirous of making them acquainted with.

The following lines, descriptive of the scenery through which the road of Lord Hubert and his page lay, are pleasing, in spite of the conceits and affectations with which they are sprinkled. We shall just

note the particular expressions we allude to by italics, in order to let our readers perceive the nature of the faults we before animadverted upon.

"'Twas autumn tide—the eve was sweet,
As mortal eye hath e'er beholden;
The grass look'd warm with sunny heat,—
Perchance some fairy's glowing feet
Had lightly touch'd—and left it golden:
A flower or two were shining yet;
The star of the daisy had not yet set,—
It shone from the turf to greet the air,
Which *tenderly* came breathing there:
And in a brook, which lov'd to fret
O'er yellow sand and pebble blue,
The lily of the silvery hue
All freshly dwelt, with white leaves wet.
Away the sparkling water play'd,
Through bending grass, and blessed flower;
Light, and delight seem'd all its dower:
Away in merriment it stray'd,—
Singing, and bearing, hour after hour,
Pale, lovely splendour to the shade.
Ye would have given your hearts to win
A glimpse of that fair willow'd brook:
The water lay glistening in each leafy nook,
And the shadows fell green and thin.
As the wind pass'd by—the willow trees,
Which lov'd for aye on the wave to look,
Kiss'd the pale stream,—but disturb'd and shook,
They wept tears of light at the rude, rude breeze.
At night, when all the planets were sprinkling
Their little rays of light on high,
The busy brook with stars was twinkling,—
And it seem'd a streak of the living sky;
'Twas heavenly to walk in the autumn wind's sigh,
And list to that brook's lonely tinkling."

The next specimen with which we intend to present our readers, will form a continuation of that which we have already given; but it is, in point of style, much less exceptionable.

"For a moment with pleasure his bridle hand shook,
And the steed in its joy mock'd the wave on the brook,
It play'd—and danced up for a moment—no more—
Then gently glided on as before,
Now forth they rode all silently,
Beneath the broad and milky sky,
They kept their course by the water's edge;
And listen'd at times to the creaking sedge;
Or started from some rich fanciful dream,
At the sullen plunge of the fish in the stream;
Then would they watch the circle bright.—
The circle, silver'd by the moonlight,—
Go widening, and shining, and trembling on,
Till a wave leap'd up, and the ring was gone.
Or the otter would cross before their eyes,
And hide in the bank where the deep nook lies;
Or the owl would call out through the silent air,
With a mournful, and shrill and tremulous cry;
Or the hare from its form would start up and pass by;
And the watch-dog bay them here and there.
The leaves might be rustled—the waves be curl'd—
But no human foot appear'd out in the world."

The lines in which our author describes the rising of the Naiad from the

stream possess great merit; the picture which he presents to our imagination is fancifully conceived, and very poetically painted. The first eight or nine lines are feeble, but the remainder of our extract will, I am sure, afford pleasure.

" Lord Hubert look'd forth;—say, what hath caught
The lustre of his large dark eye?
Is it the form he hath lov'd and sought?
Or is it some vision his fancy has wrought?
He cannot pass it by.
It rises from the bank of the brook,
And it comes along with an angel look;
Its vest is like snow, and its hand is as fair,
Its brow seems a mingling of sunbeam and air.
And its eyes so meek, which the glad tear laves,
Are like stars beheld soften'd in summer waves;
The lily hath left a light on its feet,
And the smile on its lip is passingly sweet;
It moves serene, but it treads not the earth;—
Is it a lady of mortal birth?
Down o'er her shoulders her yellow hair flows,
And her neck through its tresses divinely glows;
Calm in her hand a mirror she brings,
And she sleeks her loose locks, and gazes, and sings.

" THE NAIAD'S SONG.

" My bower is in the hollow wave,
The water lily is my bed;
The brightest pearls the rivers lave
Are wreathed around my breast and head.
" The fish swims idly near my couch,
And twinkling fins oft brush my brow;
And spirits mutely to me crouch,
While waters softly o'er them flow.
" Then come thee to these arms of mine,
And come thee to this bosom fair;
And thou mid silver waves shalt twine
The tresses of my silky hair.
" I have a ring of the river weed,
'Twas fasten'd with a spirit's kiss;
I'll wed thee in this moonlight mead,—
Ah! look not on my love amiss."

As our author has succeeded so well in the lines descriptive of the "Sprite's" introduction to our hero, possibly our readers will not be displeased to read our author's conception of the song with which she tempted Lord Hubert to forget his earthly bride and follow his new acquaintance under the wave.

" Oh! come, and we will hurry now
To a noble crystal pile;
Where the waters all o'er thee like music shall flow,
And the lilies shall cluster around thy brow.
We'll arise, my love! when morning dew
Is on the rose-leaf, soft and new;
We'll sit upon the tawny grass,
And catch the west winds as they pass:
And list the wild birds while they sing,
And kiss to the water's murmuring,
Thou shalt gather a flower, and I will wear it;
I'll find the wild bee's nest, and thou shalt share it;
Thou shalt catch the bird, and come smiling to me,
And I'll clasp its wing, and kiss it for thee."

Lord Hubert would not appear to have been insensible to the charms of the poetical invitation; our poet continues,

" She stept into the silver wave,—
And sank like the morning mist, from the eye;
Lord Hubert paus'd with a misgiving sigh,
And look'd on the water as on his grave.
But a soften'd voice came sweet from the stream,
Such sound doth a young lover hear in his dream,
It was lovely, and mellow'd, and tenderly hollow:—
' Step on the wave, where sleeps the moon beam,
Thou wilt sink secure through its delicate gleam,
Follow, Lord Hubert!—follow!
He started—pass'd on with a graceful mirth,
And vanish'd at once from the placid earth.
The waters prattled sweetly, wildly,
Still the moonlight kissed them mildly;
All sounds were mute, save the screech of the owl,
And the otter's plunge, and the watch-dog's howl;
But from that cold moon's setting, never
Was seen Lord Hubert!—he vanished for ever:
And ne'er from the breaking of that young day
Was seen the light form that had passed away."

We cannot afford room for further extracts; indeed, considering the shortness of the poem, and the modesty of its pretensions, we think we have paid it no little compliment in extracting from it so largely. What remains to be told, may be said in a few words. The reader is taken to the castle of the father of Angelina (for such is the name of Lord Hubert's intended bride) where of course both she and the guests wait in vain for the bridegroom. He makes his appearance, however; but it is not until all the guests have separated for the night; and then his appearance is under a somewhat unwelcome circumstance. His watery bride, we must suppose, had rather disappointed his expectations; for the very same night he returns to his earthly allegiance, and leaves his "noble chrystal pile," in order to come and claim his original mistress. But however much the latter may have lamented her lover's fickleness, she would not seem to think that the matter was at all mended by the proof he gives her of his posthumous fidelity.

" Thy arms around me press'd
Like bands of ice upon my breast,
Are fresh now from the chilling water,
To me they come like silent slaughter."

We are sorry to end our extracts with such four notably absurd lines; but our author has no reason to complain; for we have overlooked many that would as little redound to his credit.

WONDERS AND NATURAL BEAUTIES OF FRANCE.

BY J. P. DEPPING, MEMBER OF SEVERAL LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Extracted from the Monthly Review Enlarged, Oct. 1817.

AS a register of many singular and striking scenes and phænomena, these volumes may be consulted, if not with profound instruction, yet with profit and entertainment.

M. DEPPING has allotted the concluding chapter to rational explanations of pretended wonders and supernatural appearances: but the immediate causes of most of them are too obvious to have required any formal solution.

"The vaults of the Franciscan and Dominican monks of Toulouse were formerly regarded as a wonder, and almost as a miracle. Every traveller went to visit, with sacred horror, the corpses which were there exhibited as the well-preserved relics of another age; and they came away with the persuasion of having seen excavations which repelled corruption from human bodies. This error long maintained its ground, from respect to the situation: but physical and chemical science has at length betrayed it to the public. These objects, which I admit to be objects of great curiosity, were taken from the graves of the church and the cloisters of the convents in which they had been buried: where the lime, slaked during the building of the churches, had acted on them to such a degree as to deprive them of all their volatile particles, and to reduce a body of a hundred and fifty pounds weight to twelve pounds. M. de Puymarin, who weighed many of them, found none exceeding that amount; so that a hundred and thirty eight pounds had disappeared, without depriving the body of its form, leaving dust impressed with the human figure; and the brain was reduced to a powder, like saw-dust,—a singular transformation of the once thinking part of these bodies. The countenance, however, still preserves all its characteristic features. On several, the expressions of the passions is visibly depicted; while on others the contraction of the muscles exhibits a hideous grin. Maupertuis, in the last year of his life, often visited these vaults, as if to court familiarity with death; and he alleged that these mummies were apparently

laughing at the living. A physician, attracted by curiosity, was so suddenly affected with the sight of the body and countenance of his father, who had died thirty years before, that he almost expired on the spot: which recalls to my recollection an anecdote that I once read in an old manuscript belonging to the Parisian library. As a party of Gray Friars of Toulouse were talking about ghosts and the spirits of the departed, one of their number boldly assured them that he would forthwith go down without a light, into the vaults in which the dead bodies were kept. It was agreed that he should make the experiment; and down he went, with a knife, which he promised to fix in the ground at the end of the vault. They waited for his return, but the evening passed away without his re-appearing; and, on descending with lights, the friars found their brother stretched dead on the floor. Instantly, they proclaimed a miracle: but, on closer inspection, they perceived that the deceased was attached to the ground by his garments, and were at no loss to divine the manner of his death. Having stooped to put his knife in the ground, he had unconsciously transfixed his gown, in the dark: when he attempted to rise, he felt himself detained; and his mind being, at that moment, filled with all the stories which he had heard about ghosts, he no doubt fancied that one of the dead was punishing him for his temerity, was seized with horror, and died from fear."

That this story, whether true or apocryphal, is recorded in a manuscript preserved in the library at Paris, we presume not to deny: but we have heard it referred to a city very remote from Toulouse.

The scaling of *Mont Perdu*, undertaken and accomplished by M. Ramond, is given in the somewhat inflated language of that enterprising naturalist: but the ascent to the *Pic du Midi of Pau* is not, it should seem, less formidable.

"This mountain is so high, and so difficult to climb, that few persons have ventured to reach the top of the Peak.

The historian *De Thou* makes mention of a seigneur of Candale, who, in 1582, commenced this undertaking: but, notwithstanding the ladders, grappling-hooks, ropes, and the furred cloak, with which he was provided, he did not attain the summit. A shepherd of the valley of Aspe, without all these accommodations, animated and supported merely by his courage, set foot on the top; and, following his example, M. *Delfau* has effected the same expedition. From the village of Eaux-bonnes, the route lies by Gabas, of which the environs furnish the finest firs of the Pyrénées. The base of the mountain is easily scaled, but, farther up, the road becomes so steep, that nothing but an extraordinary degree of courage can prevent any person from being petrified with dismay at this rapid ascent; and the more because the mountain, almost insulated, forms only a single block, which rises to the height of fifteen hundred and fifty-seven toises. The summit is divided into two sharp spires, from which circumstance it has been called the *Peak of the Twin Sisters*. The mountain is cut perpendicularly on three sides, which are inaccessible, the fourth alone, being practicable: but still the adventurer must have recourse to his knees, feet, and hands, in order to arrive at the top. M. *Delfau's* narrative is little calculated to encourage future travellers to imitate his example. "I remained fixed," says he, "to the same spot; I was exhausted, and quite overcome with cold and fatigue; I walked barefooted for three hours; my stockings and spatter-dashes were in tatters; my body was bruised all over; I found myself almost destitute of clothes in a frozen atmosphere; a chill pervaded my system, and my strength was giving way. What would I not, at this instant, have given that I had never visited the Pyrénées! but it was too late. All on a sudden, we heard the noise of a troop of Chamois above our heads. Alarmed at our approach, these animals ran about this way and that, not knowing how to shun us; one of them, which seemed to be the leader of the band, advanced to reconnoitre us, and afterward appeared to consult with his companions. In any other situation, we should have contemplated this spectacle with pleasure, but, for the

moment, I was exclusively occupied with the thoughts of my safety; and, apprehensive that these animals might, by rushing headlong, strike against us in the narrow pass in which we were involved, I clung fast to the rock that I might not be tumbled down. At length the signal was given; they all sprang up with a loud noise; and I saw them dart like lightning into narrow paths and precipices, the very sight of which made me shudder. Such was their fleetness that our eyes could scarcely follow them."

M. *DEPPING* describes the *Fountain of Vaucluse* at considerable length, and from the best authorities: but it is the theme of every traveller who has directed his steps to the spot.

"The finest spectacle, however, is reserved for the termination of the journey. It is near Antraigues that we meet with the most beautiful colonnades, accompanied by the most curious collateral circumstances. The scene unfolds itself to view on the banks of the Volant, at the foot of the hill of La Coupe, and its platform presents a magnificent pavement. Nothing can be more agreeable than to see a hill, in the form of a truncated cone, rising behind the colonnade: but the greatest curiosity of all is a current of lava, which, commencing at the top of the hill, descends to the basaltic causeway, the prisms rising behind one another to form a junction with the current. Such an appearance no longer permits us to doubt that the colonnade has originated in the lava of La Coupe. On the top of the mountain we still behold the crater which had ejected these volcanic matters, and may even descend into it. In the midst of the puzzolanas and calcined lavas with which it is filled, has risen a grove of chesnut trees, prospering beyond all expectation, in a soil formerly devoted to destruction and sterility."

Dauphiny, also, is rich in grand and picturesque landscapes, as well as in remarkable natural productions. The rock-crystals of that territory, in particular, have been long celebrated: but the access to some of the most valuable mines of this article, especially to that of the *Grande Cristallière*, is described as both arduous and perilous; and the working of its many and beautiful geodes has consequently been abandoned.

The *Fountain of Siros*, or the *Perpetual Torrent*, is a most powerful and abundant spring, which constantly discharges 18 cubic feet of very limpid water.

"Between Haguenau and Wissembourg is a mine of asphaltus or black bitumen, which has been discovered in the *Pechelbrunn*, or Pitch-fountain, that flows from a meadow in the environs of Lampertslock. It is a well, fifty feet deep, the surface covered with a black bitumen, which diffuses to a distance a disagreeable odour; its water, which is always dirty and muddy, contains muriate of soda, sulphate of iron, and sulphur. For a long time past, it has had the reputation of curing cutaneous eruptions; and the peasants sometimes drink it as a preventive of disorders. A naturalist, who had the curiosity to empty this well, with the view of ascertaining the source that furnishes the bitumen, found at the bottom only a bed of very pure yellow pyrites; which induced him to conjecture that this bed furnishes, to the argillaceous and vegetable earths of which it is the support, a sulphuric acid, which, by mingling with them, forms the bitumen of the well. The oak-timber, taken from the well, is black and hard, like ebony; and that which is at the bottom in-

dicates an incipient transformation into agate. The sand-beds, in a neighbouring pit, are so impregnated with bitumen that the sand, like snow, may be formed into balls. Above the *Pechelbrunn*, a light has often been observed; which, gradually increasing in lustre and dimensions, at length assumes the appearance of a pan of burning coals. When the air is calm, the flame gradually diminishes, and finally vanishes entirely; but, when the wind blows fresh, the flame, yielding to the agitation of the air, darts above the meadow, and is driven either eastward, on the road, or westward, into a wood, where it is heard to strike forcibly one tree after another. This fact is very extraordinary, and yet a naturalist, worthy of credit, has often witnessed it. The progressive motion of the flame greatly alarmed the neighbouring peasants, especially when they were obliged to pass near the apparition, which they called the *Hunter*; and which, according to tradition, was the ghost of an ancient seigneur of that country, who expiated in this form his tyranny over his dependants. Such a tradition should be preserved among the seigneurs rather than among the peasants."

ORIGINAL LETTER

TO A LADY OF DISTINGUISHED RANK ON THE CONTINENT.

From the Literary Gazette.

My dear Madam,

THOUGH I have delayed longer than I intended, to throw together my observations on Sense and Beauty as you requested me to do, I flatter myself, that if the subject has again occurred to your mind, you have not attributed the delay to any backwardness to oblige you, which it is impossible I can ever feel, or an inattention to your requests, which I shall always honor as commands, and cherish as favors.

You wished, if I rightly understood you, to have my ideas on "the respective worth that Sense and Beauty in the female sex have in the eyes of ours, the grounds upon which our esteem is built, and how far that esteem is in general well or ill-founded."

The subject is indeed a difficult one, and I should almost fear to discuss it,

except with a lady who possesses both these excellencies, in a sufficient degree to banish all apprehension of offending her, by giving the preference to either.

Notwithstanding the lessons of moralists, and the declamations of philosophers, it cannot be denied that all mankind have a natural love, and even respect for external beauty. In vain do they represent it as a thing of no value in itself, as a frail and perishable flower; in vain do they exhaust all the depths of argument, all the stores of fancy, to prove the worthlessness of this amiable gift of nature. However persuasive their reasonings may appear, and however we may, for a time, fancy ourselves convinced by them, we have in our own breasts a certain instinct, which never fails to tell us, that all is not satisfactory, and though we may not be able to prove that they are

wrong, we feel with conviction that it is impossible they should be right.

They are certainly right in blaming those, who are rendered vain by the possession of beauty, since vanity is at all times a fault; but there is a great difference between being vain of a thing, and being happy that we have it; and that beauty, however little *merit* a woman can claim to herself for it, is really a quality which she may reasonably rejoice to possess, demands, I think, no very laboured proof. Every body naturally wishes to please. To this end we know how important it is that the first impression we produce should be favorable. Now this first impression is most commonly produced through the medium of the eye; and this is frequently so powerful as to resist for a long time the opposing evidence, evidence of subsequent observation. Let a man of even the soundest judgment, of the most cultivated understanding, be presented to two women, equally strangers to him, but the one extremely handsome, the other without any remarkable advantages of person, he will, without deliberation, attach himself first to the former. All men seem in this to be actuated by the same principle as Socrates, who used to say, that when he saw a beautiful person, he always expected to find it animated by a beautiful soul. Nay more: the two ideas are so singularly combined in our minds, that even the converse of the Socratic position is also true. Do we by any means become acquainted with the sense, the amiable disposition of a woman, before we have seen her person, we inevitably embody the fair spirit that has charmed us, in a form on which we bestow, with lavish hand, every attraction of external grace that our fancy can furnish. Should we find on a personal acquaintance, that the reality falls *very* short of this creature of our imagination, we not only feel vexed and disappointed, but are sometimes so unjust as to withdraw a part of that approbation, which we had before bestowed, and to fancy that we have been too lavish of our praise; so that it often requires a considerable time to regain our good opinion.

If such be the influence of external beauty, surely no woman can be blamed for wishing to possess it, or for showing it in the most advantageous light; nor can those branches of education, which tend to heighten the effect of a graceful figure, or to mend the deficiencies of a bad one, be considered as frivolous and unimportant. Those only are to be blamed, who pay so much attention to the cultivation of the form, that they disregard the improvement of the mind, though both may very well go on together. This is, unfortunately, too common an error, both of women who possess beauty, and of those who are entrusted with their education. The far greater part of the other sex who approach them, must necessarily be persons who have no more than a slight general acquaintance with them, and perhaps not even that. Every man of liberal education will naturally wish, when in the company of women, to render himself as agreeable to them as he can, and for this, there is no better means than to show that he is pleased with them. This he will be able to do with more success, if they really possess some qualities, which he may venture to commend without suspicion of flattery. Such is beauty, which is evident at a glance, whereas the excellencies of the mind and heart, are rarely to be discovered without a longer and more intimate acquaintance, especially when accompanied by that amiable diffidence, which in a woman is peculiarly becoming. It is therefore no wonder, that women, who are possessed of both beauty and understanding, should hear themselves much more frequently commended for the former than for the latter; or that men, who have a real and just value for understanding, should often seem to neglect women who possess it, to pay their court to others, every way their inferiors, except in the more conspicuous attractions of external form. The ladies, however, often fall into the fatal error of imagining that a fine person is, in our eyes, superior to every other accomplishment, and those who are so happy as to be endowed with it, rely, with vain confidence, on its irresistible

power, to retain hearts as well as to subdue them. Hence the lavish care bestowed on the improvement of exterior, and perishable charms, and the neglect of solid and durable excellence; hence the long list of arts that administer to vanity and folly, the countless train of glittering accomplishments, and the scanty catalogue of truly valuable acquirements, which compose, for the most part, the modern system of fashionable female education. Thus it is that the two sexes by mutually endeavouring to please, mutually spoil each other. The women, from the above, and similar reasons, having unhappily conceived a notion, that *we* prefer beauty to every thing else, bestow all their care on the adornment of their persons; and *we* seeing all their assiduity directed to this point, too often endeavour to pay our court to them, by extravagant commendations, which serve only to confirm them in their error. Yet so far is beauty from being in our eyes an excuse for the want of a cultivated mind, that the women who are blessed with it, have in reality, a much harder task to perform, than those of their sex who are not so distinguished. In the first transport of admiration which they are sure to inspire, we fondly attribute to them, as before observed, every other quality that can make a female amiable. But however blinded we may be for a time, we soon look for the confirmation of our prepossessions in their favor; the stronger these have been, the greater is our disappointment at finding ourselves mistaken. Even our self-love here takes part against them; we feel ashamed of having suffered ourselves to be caught, like children, by mere outside, and perhaps even fall into the contrary extreme. Could "the statue that enchants the world," could the Venus de Medicis, at the prayer of some new Pygmalion, become suddenly animated, how disappointed would he be, if she were not endowed with a soul, answerable to the inimitable perfection of her heavenly form? How would he accuse the gods of hearing his prayer only by halves, and beg them, if they could do no more, to re-convert her to her native stone! Thus it is with a fine woman, whose only accomplishment is external

excellence. She may dazzle for a time; but when a man has once thought "what a pity that such a master-piece should be but a walking statue," her empire is at an end.

On the other hand, when a woman, the plainness of whose features perhaps prevented our noticing her at first, is found, upon near acquaintance, to be possessed of the more solid and valuable perfections of the mind, the pleasure we feel at being so agreeably undeceived, makes her appear to still greater advantage: and as the mind of man, when left to itself, is naturally an enemy to all injustice, we, even unknown to ourselves, strive to repair the wrong we have involuntarily done her, by a double portion of attention and regard.

If these observations be founded in truth, you will be able to form a tolerable judgment of the respective values, which beauty and understanding in your sex have in the eyes of ours. You will see that, though a woman with a cultivated mind, may justly hope to please, even without any superior advantages of person, the loveliest creature that ever came from the hand of her Creator, can hope only for a transitory empire, unless she unite with her beauty, the more durable charm of intellectual excellence.

The favored child of nature, who combines in herself their united perfections, may be justly considered as the master-piece of creation, as the most perfect image of the divinity here below. Man, the proud lord of the creation, bows willingly his haughty neck beneath her gentle rule. Exalted, tender, beneficent is the love that she inspires, unalterable as the eternal decrees of heaven, and pure as the vestal fire. Even Time himself shall respect the all-powerful magic of her beauty. Her charms may fade, but they shall never wither; and memory still, in the evening of life, hanging with fond affection over the blanched rose, shall view, through the veil of lapsed years, the tender bud, the dawning promise of whose beauties once blushed before the beams of the morning sun. I remain,

Dear Madam, &c. &c.

H. E. L.

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

From the London Sporting Magazine, July 1817.

CANINE PATHOLOGY. BY DELABERE BLAINE, VETERINARY SURGEON.*

"IF we separate *attachment* from *fidelity* in dogs, how many pleasing and affecting instances might be mentioned to prove the genuine warmth of their regard!—Many dogs have an universal philanthropy, if I may so express it—a general *attachment* to all mankind: others are not indiscriminately friendly to every one; but such, almost invariably, make it up by a more ardent regard where they do love. Where is the parent, wife, or lover, whose affection could be more durable than that of the tailor's dog, in the anecdote just related?

"Their extraordinary *attachment* to mankind may perhaps be, in some measure, an inherent quality; and although it is certainly much improved and perfected, yet it may not be altogether dependent on cultivation; for we have failed to excite it in an equal degree in the other branches of the brute creation. In other domesticated animals, it is also a sentiment principally dependent on self-preservation—an *attachment* for protection and food; but in dogs it is wholly distinct. A servant shall regularly feed a dog, who will assuredly be grateful and attached; but the degree of his *attachment* for the servant, and that for his master, who perhaps never feeds him, shall bear no proportion; that to his master will be infinitely superior.

"This regard for particular persons is so great, that it frequently interferes with, and, now and then, totally overcomes their instinctive care for their young.—Here the moral principle is at war with the instinctive; which is an additional proof of the height of their intellect.

"I have several times seen them, even while suckling their puppies, so unhappy at the deprivation of the society of their owners, that it seemed to be with difficulty that they forced themselves to perform the office of mothers.

"Two spaniels, mother and son, were self hunting, in Mr. Drake's woods, near Amersham, Bucks. The gamekeeper shot the mother; the son, frightened, ran

away for an hour or two, and then returned to look for his mother.—Having found her dead body, he laid himself down by her, and was found in that situation the next day by his master, who took him home, together with the body of the mother. Six weeks did this affectionate creature refuse all consolation, and almost all nutriment. He became at length convulsed, and died of grief.

"A fox-hound, in the middle of the chase, was taken in labour. Ardor for the pursuit, united to *attachment* for her progeny, induced her to snatch it up in her mouth and follow her companions, with whom she soon came up; and in this situation continued the whole of the chase.

"I have also seen many instances of dogs voluntarily undertaking the office of nurse to others, who have been sick. When we consider the warmth of their feelings, and the tenderness of their regard, this is not to be wondered at, if it happens among those habituated to each other; but I have not unfrequently observed a dog take upon himself the office of nurse to a sick one, to whom he has been a total stranger. Were I to relate all the pleasing instances of this kind I have seen, I should be supposed to exceed the bounds of truth.

"One very particular case occurs to my recollection, where a large dog, of mastiff breed, hardly full grown, attached himself to a very small spaniel ill with a distemper, from which the large dog was himself but newly recovered. He commenced this attention to the spaniel the moment he saw it, and for several weeks, continued it unremittingly, licking him clean, following him every where, and carefully protecting him from harm. When the large dog was fed, he has been seen to save a portion, and to solicit the little one to eat it; and, in one instance, he was observed to select a favourite morsel, and carry it to the kennel where the sick animal lay. When the little dog was, from illness, unable to move, the large one used to sit at the door of his kennel, where he would remain for hours, guarding him from in-

* Continued from page 413.

terruption.—Here was no instinct, no interest; it was wholly the action of the best qualities of the mind."

"In the human species, *gratitude* has ever been considered as one of the highest virtues. Can it ever be practised in a more perfect manner, or exhibited in a more interesting point of view, than by these admirable animals. A benefit is never forgotten by the majority of them; but, for injuries, they have the shortest memory of any living creature. To select instances of the gratitude of dogs would seem almost invidious. Every person must have been an eye-witness to many facts of this kind; but my opportunities of seeing different dogs have presented me with varied occasions, where this noble passion has been practised in its fullest extent.

"A large setter, ill with a distemper, had been most tenderly nursed by a lady for three weeks.—At length he became so ill as to be placed on a bed, where he remained three days, in a dying situation. After a short absence, the lady, on re-entering the room, observed him to fix his eyes attentively on her, and make an effort to crawl across the bed towards her: this he accomplished, evidently for the purpose of licking her hands; which having done, he expired without a groan. I am convinced that the animal was sensible of his approaching dissolution, and that this was a last forcible effort to express his gratitude for the care taken of him.

"Having, I hope, paid a just, and only a just, tribute to the *bravery, fidelity, attachment, and gratitude* of dogs, I would draw the reader's attention to a still wider field; and when I propose to consider the varied *intelligence* of the animal, I present him and myself with an inexhaustible fund of pleasing research. No one who does not pay a marked attention to dogs, can possibly be aware to what an extent their mental intellect can attain. If I can prove that they reason on past events, draw probable conclusions from present, and seem to foresee those likely to occur in future, I establish such a plenitude of the reasoning faculty in them, as must raise them high in the scale of animated existence.

"Man is placed at the head of the animal creation, and is destined to govern those whose bodily powers are infinitely greater than his own: it was necessary, therefore, that he should draw the means of subjecting them from the sources of his mind. Hence in him, *intellect* is infinitely superior; while, to the animals below him, it is given in different portions, according to their wants, their habits, and their uses; but Nature, ever provident to her children, has given to all animals another mental principle, to make up for the deficiency of the reasoning faculty. This principle is called *instinct*, which is weak in man, but strong in animals. It is a preservative principle, and hence is stronger in those in whom the rational principle is weak; and, as tending purely to the preservation and propagation of the animal, it is, in an operative point of view, more powerful than the rational principle; but it is, at the same time, infinitely more confined, and but little varied in its operation. It develops itself in all animals at the very moment of their birth. The young chick is no sooner hatched, than it runs about and selects its food with dexterity and discrimination, though it be mixed with much extraneous matter.

"Instinct being given to animals in the place of reason, and answering every purpose of existence, it was a superadded bounty of Providence to give any portion of the reasoning faculty. This additional boon being given in different proportions, some particular purpose was to be answered by the unequal distribution. This purpose probably was, that such animals as had the intellectual powers strong, should be placed more immediately about man; enabling him thereby to profit, as well by their mental qualities, as by their personal properties.

"Of all these domesticated subjects, the dog possesses by far the greatest portion of intellect; the instances of his sagacity being as obvious as they are varied and numerous.

"A native of Germany, fond of travelling, was pursuing his course through Holland, accompanied by a large dog. Walking, one evening, on a high bank which formed one side of a dike, or ca-

nal, so common in that country, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into the water; and, being unable to swim, he soon became senseless. When he recovered his recollection, he found himself in a cottage, on the contrary side of the dike to that from which he fell, surrounded by peasants, who had been using the means so generally practised in that country for the recovery of drowned persons. The account given by the peasants was, that one of them, returning home from his labour, observed, at a considerable distance, a large dog in the water, swimming and dragging, and sometimes pushing, something that he seemed to have great difficulty in supporting; but which he at length succeeded in getting into a small creek on the opposite side to that on which the men were.

“When the animal had pulled what he had hitherto supported as far out of the water as he was able, the peasant discovered that it was the body of a man. The dog, having shaken himself, began industriously to lick the hands and face of his master, while the man hastened across; and, having obtained assistance, the body was conveyed to a neighbouring house, where the resuscitating means used soon restored him to sense and recollection. Two very considerable bruises, with the marks of teeth, appeared, one on his shoulder, the other at the root of the poll of the head; whence it was presumed that the faithful beast first seized his master by the shoulder, and his *sagacity* had prompted him to let go this hold, and shift it to the nape of the neck, by which he had been enabled to support the head out of the water. It was in this manner that the peasant observed the dog making his way along the dike, which it appeared he had done for a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile. It is, therefore, probable that this gentleman owed his life as much to the *sagacity* as to the fidelity of his dog.—I should, in justice to the liberality of this gentleman, who himself related the circumstances to me, state that, wherever he afterwards boarded, he always voluntarily gave half as much for the support of his dog as he agreed to give for himself, thereby ensuring care and kindness for his preserver.

“In relating the following, I shall

possibly stagger the faith of some.—I shall only remark, that I would not willingly trespass the bounds of truth: the facts were detailed to me by several persons of veracity, who professed to have been eye-witnesses of them; and all the circumstances appeared to be well known in the neighbourhood.

“A butcher and cattle dealer, who resided about nine miles from the town of Alston, in Cumberland, bought a dog of a drover.—This butcher was accustomed to purchase sheep and kine in the vicinity, which, when fattened, he drove to Alston market, and sold. In these excursions he was frequently astonished at the peculiar *sagacity* of his dog, and at the more than common readiness and dexterity with which he managed the cattle; till at length he troubled himself little about the matter, but, riding carelessly along, used to amuse himself with observing how adroitly the dog acquitted himself of his charge. At last, so convinced was he of his *sagacity* as well as fidelity, that he wagered that he would entrust him with so many sheep and so many oxen, to drive alone and unattended to Alston market. It was stipulated that no person should be within sight or hearing, who had the least control over the dog; nor was any spectator to interfere, or be within five hundred yards.—On trial, this extraordinary animal proceeded with his business in the most steady and dextrous manner; and although he had frequently to drive his charge through other herds who were grazing, yet he never lost one, but, conducting them into the very yard to which he was used to drive them when with his master, he significantly delivered them up to the person appointed to receive them, by barking at his door.—What more particularly marked the dog's *sagacity* was, that, when the path the herd travelled lay through a spot where others were grazing, he would run forward, stop his own drove, and then, driving the others away, collect his scattered charge, and proceed. He was several times afterwards thus sent alone, for the amusement of the curious, or the convenience of his master, and always acquitted himself in the same adroit and intelligent manner. The story reaching the ears of a gentleman travelling in that neigh-

bourhood, he bought the dog for a considerable sum of money.

"Extraordinary as the circumstances are, I have no doubt whatever as to the perfect correctness of the statement. I resided for a twelvemonth within a few miles of the spot, and, as I before observed, the whole appeared fresh in every one's recollection.

"I remember watching a shepherd's boy in Scotland, who was sitting on the bank of a wide but shallow stream. A sheep had strayed to a considerable distance on the other side of the water; the boy, calling to his dog, ordered him to fetch that sheep back, but to do it gently, for she was heavy in lamb. I do not affect to say that the dog understood the reason for which he was commanded to perform this office in a more gentle manner than usual; but that he did understand he was to do it gently was very evident, for he immediately marched through the water, came gently up to the side of the sheep, turned her towards the rest, and then both dog and sheep walked quietly side by side back to the flock.—I was scarcely ever more pleased at a trifling incident in rural scenery than this."

From the New Monthly Magazine, Nov. 1817.

A Mr. Munito, an actor, is at this moment engaging in no small degree the attention of the Parisians. The house where he exhibits is frequently too small, and it requires considerable patience to wait till you can be admitted to admire his talents. This M. Munito is a dog, a kind of poodle, from the neighbourhood

of Milan, who has been taught by his master, an Italian, to perform all sorts of curious tricks, and in truth, does great credit to his instructions. The writer of the biographical account of this celebrated quadruped, sold at the entrance of the place of exhibition, says: "While we were writing this history we hoped that the account of Munito's talents would stimulate the ambition of indolent children." Accordingly there are but few parents but take their children to admire this model of cleverness, who is become so general a topic of conversation throughout all Paris, that a person would be thought very meanly of who had not seen him, and could not describe his wonderful performances. He writes and cyphers like the most expert master. Set him a sum for example upon a slate—he places himself gravely before it, considers for a few minutes, then seeks all the figures that form the answer, out of several sets that lie scattered upon the floor, without receiving the slightest perceptible sign from his master. He writes quite orthographically. A word is mentioned and he immediately seeks out all the letters that compose it. Ask him for ten or twelve cards and he will instantly pick them out from among a complete pack.—Munito not only exhibits in public every evening at the rate of 3 francs for each spectator, but is invited to perform before private companies, by which he is well paid. In short, this learned quadruped acquires riches and renown—though strictly speaking the latter only, as the former fall to the share of his master.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

OSMAN : A TURKISH TALE.

IN noticing this new work, we shall begin with the Introductory Stanza, as affording a fair specimen of the author's poetical talents :

"'Tis eve---and o'er famed Helles' winding
spray
Fast sheds the Delphic god his parting ray ;---
Tinged with the last receding gleams of light,
In radiant splendour glows each pine-capt
height;
And sinking slow, on Gargara's dizzy brow,*

* "Gargara is the loftiest of the Idæan chain of mountains." See Clarke.

A fainter tint his feebl' beams bestow ;
Till dropp'd at last on ocean's reddening
breast,
He sinks in glory to his nightly rest.---
Greece, it was thus thy car of mental light
Sank to the sable shades of endless night.
Again that sun will glad the morrow's sky---
Again his beam will gild the vault on high---
But ne'er shall Science, bursting from her
tomb,
Pierce the dark woof of Ignorance's gloom---
Oh ! ne'er again shall Genius' vivid ray
Chase night's dim mists and gild the glowing
day---

"All is the night's---and if perchance one start
Diffuse its radiance, brightly from afar,
'Tis but to dress in more appalling dye
The sable clouds that veil the nether sky.
Soon comes grey twilight on---the freshening
breeze
Wafts the rich fragrance of the orange trees;
And every passing zephyr on his wings
A thousand varied odours sweetly brings.
And now night gently waves her pinions grey,
And all is hush'd---save where the ocean spray
Foams on the shore---or where some light
guitar
Hails the mild beam of Hesper's Westering
star.

"Oft let me rove at eve along this shore,
Where, Greece, thy wisest---bravest---roved
before;
Or, seated on some parted hero's mound,
Weep o'er the fetters of this far-famed ground;
Think o'er the glories of its days gone by,
And pay the tribute of a classic sigh.
Who can forget, that in this mouldering grave
Rest the cold ashes of the Pythian brave?"

Pursuing the idea in the Introduction
to Canto III. the Poet adds,

"Fall'n clime! but oh! how lovely in thy
fall!
How fair thy scenes, though turban'd lords en-
thrall.
Where'er we turn, the feasting eye surveys
Scenes that defy the tongue of human praise.
Mountains above---rocks, sands, and waves be-
low;
Vales, shores, and plains, in wildest beauty
glow.
The moss-grown turret, and the mouldering
fane,
In sacred fragments strew the classic plain;
And tell, though now decay'd and dimly seen,
That here the shrine, the home of gods, *hath*
been!
But they have vanish'd---at the rifled shrine
Pours forth in floods no more the hallow'd wine,
But there the baleful night-weeds widely
spread,
And the sad nettle waves her trembling head.
The dome of sculptured beauty echoes now
No Pæans' choral hymn---no warrior's vow.
There all is silence---save the nightly shriek
Of the lone bird of evening's 'tuneless beak.'
The living statue, and the breathing bust,
Moulder alike into neglected dust.
Oh! who can marvel if the classic tear
Bedew each rude and shapeless fragment here?
Who but must mourn o'er this polluted scene?
Who but must weep o'er what the past hath
been?"

† "In the scanty list of those who have done honour
to Modern Greece, the names of Psalida and Coray, of
Riga, and of Canzani, claim a distinguished place.--
They are, if I may be allowed the expression, the *scin-
tilla* that flash along the gloom, or perhaps the few
faint embers which still survive, to tell us where the
flame of glory and of science was kindled."

The Tale itself is short and very tra-
gical; and in some parts the reader will
perceive lines that will remind him of
having read Lord Byron. The Hero
and Heroine are thus described:

"Osman his name---his aged sire had stood
First in the field when Widin* ran with
blood---
'Twas he the rallying Horsetail first unfurl'd,
And from his throne the rebel traitor hurl'd;---
And now, when time his hoary hue had shed
O'er his blanch'd beard---and silver'd o'er his
head,
He sought, retiring from life's busy stage,
His native vales, in peace to end his age---
Such was old Assad.---Oft to Hassan's dome
Whilst yet his youth was in its earliest bloom,
Young Osman came---at first, as children may,
To seek some sharer in their sportive play;
But soon the star that beam'd from Leila's eye
Awoke his soul to livelier ecstacy;
And oft when cares ran high would he repair
To her, to meet that rest he could not find else-
where.

"His heart was form'd in Virtue's fairest
mould,
No dross was temper'd with its purest gold;
Unsullied from the hand that gave it birth,
Scarce caught his soul one stain of viler earth.
His was that heart, which, form'd in Nature's
pride,
Laugh'd with the gay, and sigh'd with those
that sigh'd;
Though love still bade his youthful pulse beat
high,
Flush'd o'er his cheek, or glitter'd in his eye;
Yet never shrank he from the battle fire,---
Keen was his blade, and dreaded was his ire.
His name was fear'd on every hostile shore,
Bless'd by his own, what wouldst thou, Chris-
tian, more?

"Achaia's plains with loveliest nymphs a-
bound,
'And there the sweetest dark-eyed maids are
found.'
So sang the Teian Bard of old:---his strain
Might wake once more---his reed be heard a-
gain,
Could his dim eye in rapture scan the grace
That beam'd and thrill'd the soul from Leila's
face.
She was as fair and lovely as the ray
That gilds the rain-clouds of an April day;
Yet pure and spotless as the limpid wave
That, glittering, sparkles in the mountain cave,
It was as though some Honri, kindly given,
To teach and smooth the arduous path to
heaven,
Had come from high---to prove how sweet the
kiss
That waits the Moslem in the bowers of bliss."

Osman, who

"Oft had long'd to roam o'er climes un-
known,"

* Widin was the usurped capital of the celebrated
Oglou.

at length accomplishes his intention :

“ Meantime another woo’d his destined
bride---
Another’s hand the virgin zone untied.
Selim---(for this the happier suitor’s name)---
Was wealthy---young---of tall and noble
frame :
But all was false within ;---his rancorous heart
But ill could play the enamour’d lover’s part.”

The result of the story is, that the rivals kill each other—and the unhappy lady expires on hearing the dismal event, and beholding the bleeding corpse of Osman.

“ Beneath an aged cypress’ gloomy shade
Sleeps Osman---dust to dust now stilly laid ;
And o’er his narrow chamber frowns alone
That nearly perished---one sepulchral stone.
In vain the baleful weeds around it twine
Their lawless tendrils---Osman, still ’tis
thine :---
Full peaceful sleep the ashes of the brave---
The fragrant dust betrays the good man’s
grave.”*

* “ This is a celebrated Oriental proverb.”

“ But he---his rival’s cold detested clay
Shall prove the meal of many a bird of prey :
No friend hath he to sorrow o’er his hier,
Or o’er his relics shed the pious tear :
No : where he fell---unhonour’d---spurn’d---
he lies---
Deprived of e’en the humblest obsequies ;---
And every tongue that fear’d him whilst alive,
Now seems how far to curse his name to
strive.---

“ Leila !---thy tomb is fair---no storied stone
Records thy fate---too well---too surely
known :---
But there, if fame says true, the blushing rose,
And every gentle plant eternal blows.
Beneath---thy virgin dust for aye is laid,
Peace to thy gentle---meek---and holy
shade.---
Here oft at eve shall Helles’ maids be found---
Here shall the sad Wulwulleh † oft resound ;
And the lone Bulbul ‡ oft shall linger here,
Where bloom the earliest flow’rets of the
year ;---
And thy cold ashes oft shall claim the sigh
Of the lone pilgrim as he loitereth by.”

† Wulwulleh is the death-song of Turkey ; similar
to the Coronach of the Highlands. ‡ Nightingale.

From the Literary Gazette.

FRENCH MANNERS.—L’HERMITE EN PROVENCE.

Anglet, 1 April, 1817.

THE CHAMBER OF LOVE.

*Illo non juvenis poterit de funere quisquam,
Lumina, non virgo, sicca referre domum.*

TIB. ELEG. I.

No youth shall leave unmoved this mournful urn,
No tender maid with unwet eyes return.

THERE are nations, as there are women, for whom one conceives a passion, before one is conscious of the motives which lead to the predilection which one has for them ; this kind of involuntary sentiment is excited among the Basques : one loves them, before one knows them ; when among them, one fancies one’s self in a little new world ; which one remembers often to have dreamt of ; these shepherds descending from the mountains with the pipe in their hands ; these young women whose walk is so light and graceful, whose hair is so black, whose eyes are so brilliant ; this active and cheerful population, with which the country is as it were enamelled ; every thing here charms the eyes and interests the heart ; I must however say that my amiable guide neglects nothing to heighten the charm under the influence of which I see this delightful country. He shews

it me with all the address, all the coquetry of an owner of the estate, who takes care, when he leads you about his gardens, to surprise you with some point of view ; the sudden appearance of a cascade, or the most favourable aspect of some edifice.

I have accepted with as much pleasure as he has offered it, an invitation to his house at Monguère, and in our excursions which he alone has directed, I have had no other care than that of seeing and describing, assisted for the most part by his eyes, and his judgment.

When we had reached the heights which surrounded and command Agnoa, the first French commune on the side of Spain, M. Destère made me observe, that by carrying the eye as far as it can reach to the North, the West, and the East, we took in a space which contains the Labour, the most important of the three Basque Cantons, and that in which the primitive features of this ancient race of men, seem to have been preserved in the greatest purity.

This extent of country would suffice for a much more considerable number of Communes ; but a more numerous pop-

ulation could not be maintained, without putting a much greater quantity of land into cultivation; which would require only an advance of capital; for no where has all, that was good in the theories of Virgil and Columella, been better preserved in practice: this practice is, to say the truth, but a routine; but this routine is not the same as that of the other French peasantry, who were for so many ages attached to the soil. The ancient and secret genius which directs agriculture among the Basques, may easily be revealed to them one day, and receive light from the modern genius of the Arthur Youngs and the Fellenborgs.

If from the heights of Agnoa, you look towards the left along the shores of the ocean from the Bidassoa to Bayonne, you see successively the little towns of Ourrouque, Ciboure, Saint-Jean-de-Lutz, Guetari, Bidart, Biarritz, and Anglet; names now without honour, but which were not always without glory.

Here were born, and formed those *sea wolves* (*loups de mer*) those intrepid mariners, who, in times long preceding the establishment of the English marine, and the existence of Holland, pursued and struck the whales with their harpoons in the highest latitudes of the northern Seas. Many presumptions, not to say the strongest proofs, authorise the idea, that the Basques were the first Europeans who saw and reached Newfoundland; the Basque name of Macaillaona, which the fishermen of all countries give to the dry and salted cod, confirms this opinion. There is another more honourable to this little nation, and less generally adopted, which would deserve a strict examination, in which I have neither time nor means to engage. Robertson, in the notes to his history of America, examines whether it be true, that Christopher Columbus, (when navigating with Basque mariners the Northern Seas, long before his great idea, and his great discovery of a new world) heard the recital of a Biscayan, whom a tempest had driven on that same continent, to which Columbus afterwards directed his course, by the aid of his genius and of the compass. "After reading this dissertation (added M. Destère) one may, without being a Basque as I am, be convinced, if not of the truth, of the probability of the fact;

and independently of historical tradition, is not this conjecture much more natural than that which is solely founded on the genius of Columbus, enlightened by theories of the heavens and of the earth, which were so ill understood in that age?"

"A conjecture of my own," continued he, "is, that the archives of Ciboure, of Saint-Jean-de-Lutz, and of many Communes of the Spanish Basques, on the same coasts, probably contain many unknown narratives of that grand epoch, which changed the face of the globe, and which a careful examination of these same archives would make known to us; this labour would require men profoundly versed in geography, astronomy, and particularly in history, and could not be performed by any but literati of the country; for (whether the annals to be consulted were written in French or Spanish) it is in the nature of the Basques to carry the spirit of their own language into all those which they speak or write."

* *. Saint-Jean-de-Lutz was, three centuries ago, a rich commercial and populous town, the environs of which were covered with pretty country houses. For these hundred years, the prosperity of England and Holland has been fatal to its trade, excluding it from every sea.* *

Biarritz, as I mentioned when I was speaking of the environs of Bayonne, is famous for its sea bathing; it is a charming sight on certain days, to see caravans of *Cacolits* arrive from all quarters, in which the fair travellers are covered with long gauze veils, which protect them and their horses from the gnats, which are continually buzzing about them.

The pleasure of sea bathing at Biarritz, is taken in cavities in the rocks, which are called *Baths of Love*. No where is the terrible gulph of Gascony agitated by more frequent tempests: the retrograde movement of the waves broken by the ebb has often carried away the young women while bathing; immediately young and vigorous swimmers have hastened to their aid; but almost always without success. The danger is great; the examples are well known; every mother relates to her daughter the anecdote which I am going to recite; they listen, they weep, and they return to the *Baths of Love*.

Towards the end of the 17th century there lived at the sandy village of Anglet, the young Saubade, the only child of a rich shepherd of the *Labour*, and Laorens, a young fisherman, who was an orphan; the former, when hardly more than a child, was already quoted as a model of that native beauty, the charm of which especially depends on the elegance of the form, the vivacity of the features, and the expression of the eyes; the latter at the age of twenty, in a country where strength united with grace is a characteristic of the male sex, had no rival among the Basque youth, of whom he was the boast and the model. When he appeared at the *farandole* or at tennis, dressed in a little red waistcoat, with *espadrilles** on his feet, wearing on his head the delicious *berret*, all eyes were turned on him, and left him but to seek Saubade. The love with which they were inflamed for each other was a secret to nobody. People had not learned, but divined it; they were sure that they loved, because it seemed necessary that they should love. One person alone did not see this necessity; it was the father of the young woman; he was rich in flocks; Laorens was without fortune, and this circumstance raised an insurmountable barrier between the two lovers.

They had passed a year in the torments of a passion, the violence of which was only increased by the obstacles it met with; unable to indulge in the hope of happiness, they vowed to be true to each other till death; a single day acquitted their promise.

The father of Saubade was gone from home one morning, for the annual enumeration of his flocks, on the other side of the mountains, where he was accustomed to assemble his shepherds. He had scarcely disappeared behind the hill, at the foot of which his house was situated, when the charming couple met together, at the rising of the most deceitful dawn, under a kind of arbour covered with vines, at the extremity of the habitation.

This asylum could conceal them but for a moment from the eyes that watched them; this moment escaped them; the sun already illumined the fields; they retire from the village, and

* Shoes made of cord of raw hemp, fastened with coloured ribbons.

direct their steps towards the sea-shore. How smiling and lovely in their eyes are the arid downs on which they wander, retiring from some scattered habitations whence they may still be discovered! Some tufts of ash dispersed here and there, again conceal them as they walk, and soon a rapid descent leads them to the beach. On the right, the downs extending to a great distance, offer neither shelter nor refuge: on the left, a peaked rock formed an arch, the extremity of which bent over the waves, and in whose centre there was a vast and deep grotto.

Had chance conducted to this savage place a cool observer, or even an enthusiastic, he would have been struck only with the grandeur of the objects presented to his view. This half-circus, of which the sea appears to be the stage; this amphitheatre, whence Neptune seems to have designed to give to man the spectacle of the vast ocean which bathes the two hemispheres, would have alone arrested his attention. Our young lovers embellish this frightful solitude with all the illusions in which their souls are drowned; these gloomy rocks are enlightened by the fires with which they burn: this formidable ocean which roars at a distance is a barrier which love has raised between them and the rest of the world: these layers of fine sand, these heaps of broken shells which extend in beds, which rise in seats, invite Saubade and Laorens to the charms of a repose, which is soon intoxicated with all the dreams of love.

In this oblivion of the universe, in this agitation of a sentiment, which reveals to them an existence beyond nature, they have not seen the clouds gathering together, they have not heard the winds howl over the waves, and drive them upon the beach beyond the limits where they daily stop. The voice of the thunder in vain warns them of the impending danger. Laorens has trembled for his beloved, but Saubade entirely given up to this life of love, which she is to enjoy but a moment, suffers no other sentiment to approach her heart; she has pressed her lover to her bosom and fear will henceforth be a stranger to her.

Mean time, the waves rise and roll furiously even to the entrance of the grotto which serves them as an asylum. "O my

beloved!" cries Laorens, (carrying her to an interior angle of the rock where the water could not yet reach her,) "death surrounds thee: the tempest redoubles; all hope is lost." "I never have formed but one wish," replied the tender maid, with an angelic smile, "that is, to live and die with Laorens; to-morrow this hope would have been snatched from me; to-day I am thine, and thine for ever." Laorens had swum to the entrance of the grotto, to see if it were still possible to pass through the waves. All is overflowed; every where the sea, the terrible sea, yawns in abysses, or rises in mountains; the waves pursue him and violently throw him back into the hollow of the rock, which they fill up to the height of the point where his fair

mistress still braves them; she presents her hand to Laorens to draw him up to her, presses him in her arms, and embraces him with all her courage. "Seest thou," said she, "that enormous wave which advances roaring?—it is death." She speaks; their arms entwine, their mouths unite, and the sea has devoured his double prey.

Long beaten by the waves, which could not part them; Saubade and Laorens were thrown lifeless near this rock, which had been to them at once a temple and a tomb.

From that time this grotto, consecrated by the memory of this fatal event, received the name which it still bears of THE CHAMBER OF LOVE.

From the Monthly Review, Sept. 1817.

MODERN GREECE. A POEM.

THIS is certainly an elegant production; bearing the stamp of scholarship, and inspired by very considerable poetical genius. Among the numerous English tributes to Modern Greece, only a few have higher claims than the present; and not one composition of the kind is more uniformly classical and correct. Were we to assign to it "a local habitation," if not "a name," among the myriads who at present people the "*city of Literature*," we should say that it dwelt very near the mansions of Messrs. Smedley, Gally Knight, &c. &c. who have lately occupied the best apartments at the *genteel* end of Parnassus.

An allusion to the *supposed* state of a *Greek exile in America* gives the author a good opportunity for the exhibition of his style and manner. Chateaubriand suggested the idea in his *Itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem*:

But thou, fair world! whose fresh unsullied charms
Welcomed Columbus from the western wave,
Wilt thou receive the wanderer to thine arms,
The lost descendant of the immortal brave?
Amidst the wild magnificence of shades
That o'er thy floods their twilight grandeur cast,
In the green depth of thine untrodden glades,
Shall he not rear his bower of peace at last?
Yes! thou hast many a lone, majestic scene,
Shrined in primeval woods, where despot ne'er hath
been.

There, by some lake, whose blue expansive breast,
Bright from afar, an inland-ocean, gleams,
Girt with vast solitudes, profusely drest
In tints like those that float o'er poets' dreams;
Or where some flood from pine-clad mountain pours
Its might of waters, glittering in their foam,
Midst the rich verdure of its wooded shores,
The exiled Greek hath fix'd his sylvan home:
So deeply lone, that round the wild retreat
Scarce have the paths been trod by Indian huntsman's
feet.

The forests are around him in their pride,
The green savannas, and the mighty waves;
And isles of flowers, bright-floating o'er the tide,
That images the fairy worlds it laves,
And stillness, and luxuriance—o'er his head
The ancient cedars wave their peopled bowers,
On high the palms their graceful foliage spread,
Cinctured with roses the magnolia towers,
And from those green arcades a thousand tones
Wake with each breeze, whose voice through Nature's
temple moans.

And there, no traces left by brighter days,
For glory lost may wake a sigh of grief,
Some grassy mound perchance may meet his gaze,
The lone memorial of an Indian chief.
There man not yet hath marked the boundless plain
With marble records of his fame and power;
The forest is his everlasting fane,
The palm his monument, the rock his tower.
Th' eternal torrent, and the giant tree,
Remind him but that they, like him, are wildly free.

But doth the exile's heart serenely there
In sunshine dwell?—Ah! when was exile blest?
When did bright scenes, clear heavens, or summer air,
Chase from his soul the fever of unrest?
—There is a heart-sick weariness of mood,
That like slow poison wastes the vital glow,

And shrines itself in mental solitude,
An uncomplaining and a nameless woe,
That coldly smiles midst pleasure's brightest ray,
As the chill glacier's peak reflects the flush of day.

Such grief is theirs, who, fixed on foreign shore,
Sigh for the spirit of their native gales,
As pines the seaman, midst the ocean's roar,
For the green earth, with ail its woods and vales.
Thus feels thy child, whose memory dwells with thee,
Loved Greece! all sunk and blighted as thou art:
Though thought and step in western wilds be free,
Yet thine are still the day-dreams of his heart;
The desert spread between, the billows foam,
Thou, distant and in chains, art yet his spirit's home?

We apprehend that much of *imagination* prevails in the above picture of yet surviving Grecian patriotism: but that, among the depressed and degraded inhabitants of Greece, enough of *fire* is still alive to justify a poet in such conceptions, we are ready and happy to acknowledge. Whether a philosopher can build on it any hopes as to the revival of liberty, courage, and genius, is problematical indeed.

The only remaining quotation which we can offer to our readers is the passage relating to Lord Elgin's Marbles: the present poet being among those who think that these interesting remains of antiquity are better placed in London than at Athens.

O conquering genius! that couldst thus detain
The subtle graces, fading as they rise,
Eternalize expression's fleeting reign,
Arrest warm life in all its energies,
And fix them on the stone—thy glorious lot
Might wake ambition's envy, and create
Powers half divine: while nations are forgot,
A thought, a dream of thine hath vanquished fate!
And when thy hand first gave its wonders birth,
The realms that hail them now scarce claim'd a name
on earth.

Wert thou some spirit of a purer sphere
But once beheld, and never to return?
No—we may hail again thy bright career,
Again on earth a kindred fire shall burn!

Though thy least relics, e'en in ruin, bear
A stamp of heaven, that ne'er hath been renew'd—
A light inherent—let not man despair:
Still be hope ardent, patience unsubdued;
For still is nature fair, and thought divine,
And art hath won a world in models pure as thine.

Gaze on yon form, corroded and defaced—
Yet there the germ of future glory lies!
Their virtual grandeur could not be erased,
It clothes them still, though veil'd from common eyes.
They once were gods and heroes—and beheld
As the blest guardians of their native scene;
And hearts of warriors, sages, bards, have swell'd
With awe that own'd their sovereignty of mien.
—Ages have vanish'd since those hearts were cold,
And still those shattered forms retain their godlike mould.

Midst their bright kindred, from their marble throne,
They have look'd down on thousand storms of time;
Surviving power, and fame, and freedom flown,
They still remain'd, still tranquilly sublime!
Till mortal hands the heavenly conclave marr'd.
Th' Olympian groups have sunk, and are forgot;
Not e'en their dust could weeping Athens guard—
—But these were destined to a nobler lot!
And they have borne, to light another land,
The quenchless ray that soon shall gloriously expand.

We earnestly hope that this sanguine prediction may be realized; although it is, we think, tolerably clear that *we shall not live to see it*. The efforts of Chantry, however, are cheering and ennobling to the English mind; and we have even heard them preferred to the truly classical and chaste productions of his contemporary, Canova. The height of Phidias has been lowered from the Acropolis of Athens to the level of the London pavement. Let us trust that, in the contemplation of these unrivalled fragments in their present unexpected situation, some northern and native genius may be awakened, and give the world another object to admire, although not to adore, like the Olympian Jupiter.

NEW WORK ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

From La Belle Assemblée, September 1817.

LETTERS TO A MOTHER, ON THE MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN.

THIS is a very useful work for the the general treatment of children. These nursery, and for governesses for kind of works afford but little room for the very early ages of childhood—yet comment or criticism: the following extracts will speak for themselves, and we cannot pronounce it altogether faultless; it seems to have too much of the prove this volume worthy the attention rules of medical art attached to it. It is, of our female readers, who have the happiness of bearing the honoured title of parts contains a plain and easy method for mother.

ON MOTHERS SUCKLING THEIR OWN CHILDREN.

"Besides what has been already advanced, [to prove that a shattered constitution and early old age are the natural consequences to the mother not nursing her own offspring] it may be noticed that milk fevers and broken breasts are not unfrequently the least formidable bad consequences of not suckling.

"It is more particularly in the higher circles that mothers neglect this obvious duty, and deprive themselves of so high a gratification; but it is not confined to that class of women. Too many who bear the name of mothers are so wedded to gaiety and dissipation, that rather than forego other pleasures, they will neglect their infants, and permit them to pine for want. Surely, if such parents are to be found, they must possess hearts divested of maternal feeling, and destitute of every natural sensation.

"How cruel is the conduct of the woman whose vigour of body and freedom from disease, admit of nursing, and yet either brings up her child by hand, or commits it to the care of a nurse, who has, or should have, the superintendence of her own, which ought to engross the whole of her attention, and indisputably has a prior claim on her solicitude.

"In many parts of the world hired nurses are unknown. In China, whatever be the rank of the parties, it is deemed disgraceful for a mother to fail in the discharge of so natural a duty as that of rearing her own child. In the purest ages of Greece and Rome the same feelings prevailed, and in the most barbarous nations of the earth the practice of committing infants to the care of foster parents is unheard of. In Greenland, among the Esquimaux, and in some other northern countries, so much importance has always been attached to an infant living on its mother's milk, that formerly when a suckling mother died, her babe was either entombed in the same grave, or cast into the sea."

EXCELLENT SYSTEM OF MAKING A CHILD ALWAYS LOOK STRAIGHT FORWARD.

"The foot of the bed or cot in which a child is laid, should be towards a window, because a child naturally turns its eyes to the light, and if that be on either side, it may be the cause of squinting, or productive of weakness in one eye. This observation also applies to the position of an infant in the lap, for, as much as possible, light, fire, and every other object likely to attract its attention should be seen directly before it; and nurses cannot be too careful not to allow the child to be amused by a person behind or above its head, when laying in the lap, or the eyes become forcibly and painfully turned backwards."

MISTAKEN SYSTEM OF OVER-FEEDING CHILDREN.

"It must have been noticed and deplored by every observant mother, that the practice of pacifying children, when crying, by cramming them with food, is very common. Instead of investigating the cause of their crying, how customary is it at once to put them to the breast, or force down their throats a boat full of food, when the pain, of which their cries are an expression, perhaps originates in over distention of the stomach!

"Children should drink plain water or milk, or a mixture of both. No child is naturally fond of wine or beer, and when these fluids are offered them they will generally turn

from them with disgust, until their taste becomes reconciled to their use, which indeed, unless they are given as a medicine, cannot be justified."

IMPORTANT OBJECT OF CLOTHING.

"The object of clothing is to defend us from cold, and happy would it be for the rising generation if mothers and nurses could be convinced that this may be accomplished by light warm clothing, without confining the body by bandages, or loading it with covering weighty enough for half a dozen children.

"It may be well to remark that nothing but a slavish adherence to custom can sanction a practice as absurd as hurtful—the ridiculous length of an infant's clothing, which in many cases by its weight produces deformity of the feet, and must always be a source of considerable pain to a feeble child.

"A very great change has in these respects taken place within the last fifty years, but still a revolution is required in this department of domestic management; and until pins (for which, by the way, it may be noticed, strings can almost always be substituted) and garters, and stays, and a long catalogue of other equally objectionable articles of dress are laid aside, medical men, as the official conservators of the public health, must not cease to remonstrate, or labour to enlighten the minds of those who alone can remedy the evil.

"Ease and moderate warmth are the two grand objects to be habitually kept in view in clothing infants and children, and because they are disregarded, it is that we wander so far from the simplicity of nature and the obvious dictates of common sense.

"The ease and comfort of a child may be consulted and promoted by avoiding all unnecessary bandaging. Every species of swathing prevents the free performance of the various functions. Flexion and extension of the joints should be quite unrestrained, and clothing which in any degree impedes free motion and thus counteracts, by its confinement, the natural efforts of a child, must be extremely injurious."

REMARKS ON HURRYING THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS OF CHILDREN.

"Prematurely attempting to elicit an evolution of the intellectual faculties, favors almost every species of constitutional disease, and produces new forms of human misery. So intimate is the connexion between the mind and body, that if one is over exerted, the other invariably suffers. When the mind is put on the stretch, a determination of blood takes place to the head: consequently too early and too long continued exertion of the mental energies are very common causes of the worst forms of dropsy of the brain; and it is commonly observed, that the victims of this prevalent and fatal disorder are children endowed with great acuteness of intellect, and such as early and immoderately call into exercise the powers of the mind. It becomes an imperious duty on parents who witness this premature evolution of the intellectual powers, to moderate rather than encourage their display, lest the brain, which is as much an organ of thought, as the muscles are of motion, should be permanently enfeebled, and the foundation be laid, if not for dropsy of the brain, for that long and affecting train of nervous complaints which so frequently embitter the existence of those whose mental energies and acquisitions are greatest."

The above extracts are given to convince our readers of the merit of this work; but we think the author has not made sufficient allowance for the difference of constitution in the mother or the child; his systems are rather too confined to one general rule, where good nurses and experienced mothers know that expectations must be resorted to: there is too much partiality also given to drugs, leeches, and blisters, which, as this work was written by a medical practitioner, would have been better left out.

BRADBURY'S TRAVELS IN THE INTERIOR OF AMERICA.

From the Literary Gazette, Nov. 1817.

THIS volume, though it follows very closely upon the track of Messrs. Lewis, Clarke, Pike, and others, yet contains a variety of information, particularly as connected with botany, mineralogy, and geology. There is an abruptness in its commencement which we do not understand, and allusions to some disputes and wrongs of which the author complains, into which, if we did understand them, we would not enter. As we proceed we learn that his object was to investigate objects of natural history presented by the interior of the new world. In treating this subject we have a good many specimens of American style, a good deal of American feeling, not a few instances of indifferent grammar, some confusion of moods and tenses, a slight coinage of new words, and an occasional indefiniteness of description which leaves us in the dark as to the precise nature of the matters described. The latter, in a scientific work, is the greatest defect; our language is in no danger of corruption from such a source, and the author is generally comprehensible; and the inclination towards American sentiments is a more commendable quality in a traveller who has been hospitably received in that country, than the ingratitude which seeks only to spy the nakedness of a land, and abuse the kindness of its confiding population.

Mr. Bradbury accompanied an expedition of from fifty to eighty persons up the Mississippi, (i. e. "the mother of waters") and Missouri rivers. He gives an account of Upper Louisiana, and of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Tennessee; the Illinois and western territories. His propensities seem to be such as would constitute a good *Back-woodsman*; fatigues, dangers and privations go for nothing, and he thinks civilized pleasures happily exchanged for the el-

and experienced mothers know that expectations must be resorted to: there is too much partiality also given to drugs, leeches, and blisters, which, as this work was written by a medical practitioner, would have been better left out.

The most important facts in a political point of view, which Mr. Bradbury communicates, are those respecting the abundance of coal and iron in the Mississippi territory. These great sources of human comfort, and materials for national industry and strength, are found, according to our author, in prodigious quantities in this quarter; but as the description of their site and form can afford no gratification to our readers, we shall pass from them to the account given of another immense natural production, "*the Grand Saline.*" This Saline "is situated about 280 miles south-west of Fort Osage, between two forks of a small branch of the Arkansas, one of which washes its southern extremity; and the other, the principal one, runs nearly parallel, within a mile of its opposite side. It is a hard, level plain, of reddish coloured sand, and of an irregular or mixed figure. Its greatest length is from north-west to south-east, and its circumference full thirty miles. From the appearance of driftwood that is scattered over, it would seem that the whole plain is at times inundated by the overflowing of the streams that pass near it. This plain is entirely covered in hot, dry weather, from two to six inches deep, with a crust of beautiful clean white salt: it bears a striking resemblance to a field of brilliant snow after a rain, with a light crust upon its top. On a bright sunny morning, the appearance of this natural curiosity, is highly picturesque: it possesses the quality of looming, or magnifying objects, and this in a very striking degree, making the small billets of wood appear as formidable as trees. Numbers of buffaloes were on the plain."

The level of the bed of the Mississippi

is from 150 to 200 feet below that of the surrounding country, which pours many great rivers, as well as minor streams, into the immense trough of this mighty flood. Lead ore is found in parts; but it appears that the frequency of pyrites is the foundation for the belief of the existence of silver, which still maintains itself in some opinions, notwithstanding the fruitlessness of every effort to procure that ore, since the celebrated Mississippi scheme, which shook the credit of mercantile Europe a century ago. With a few exceptions of isolated sandstone, the Missouri territory is formed of calcareous rock; a whitish limestone, containing abundance of organic remains, such as *entochii*, *anomiae*, &c.

"Fossil bones have been dug up in various parts in Upper Louisiana. At a salt lick, three miles from the Merrimac River, and twelve from St. Louis, several bones have been discovered, evidently belonging to the same species of Mammoth as those found on the Ohio and in Orange County, State of New York. I have (adds our author), frequently been informed of a place on Osage River, where there are abundance of bones of great magnitude. General Clarke shewed me a tooth brought from the interior: it was a grinder, and belonged to the animal mentioned by Cuvier, called by him *Mastodonte avec dents carrées*."

As it would exceed our limits to enter minutely into the natural history of this region, we shall merely notice that its subterranean geography is interesting and extraordinary. Vast caves in the incumbent rock swallow up streams which never revisit the upper earth: in many parts there are chasms called "*Sink-holes*," from 30 to more than 200 yards in diameter, and diminishing towards the bottom like an inverted cone; and in these trees grow, and the rushing of waters is heard. In the caves abundance of nitre is generated; three men by simply lixivating the soil, have made 100lbs. of salt petre in a day. A bed of coal in the Illinois territory was so completely on the surface, that having accidentally caught fire it burnt for several months in 1810: the lead mines of St. Genevieve have been successfully wrought since 1725.

In descending the river from St. Louis to New Orleans in the month of December, our traveller experienced a succession of dreadful shocks from earthquake. The river was agitated as with a storm, the noise loud and terrific. On land and water during seven days, the party sought alternate preservation from these tremendous convulsions; our voyagers were fortunately preserved, and floated down in safety to the lower Chickasaw Indians, whom they found distracted with terror from having seen the solid earth riven open in many places, accompanied by dreadful phenomena. One of these persons accounted for the earthquake in a curious manner; he "attributed it to the comet that had appeared a few months before, which he described as having two horns, over one of which the earth had rolled, and was now lodged betwixt them; that the shocks were occasioned by the attempts made by the earth to surmount the other horn. If this could be accomplished, all would be well, if otherwise, inevitable destruction to the world would follow."

We will not say that theories equally absurd have not been maintained by philosophers nearer home than this Indian sage.

Among the tribes of Indians with whom Mr. Bradbury came in contact, a multitude of curious ceremonies and customs were observed. It is common to them all to *devote their clothes to the Medecine*, or Great Spirit, when any cause renders them furious, and to rush forth with their tomahawks in their hand, destroying all they meet. This bears a striking resemblance to *running a muck*, in the eastern world.

A peculiar custom of the Aricaras is to have "A sacred lodge in the centre of the largest village. This is called the *Medecine Lodge*, and in one particular corresponds with the Sanctuary of the Jews, as no blood is on any account whatever to be spilled within it, not even that of an enemy; nor is any one, having taken refuge there, to be forced from it. This lodge is also the general place of deposit for such things as they devote to the *Father of Life*."

Their ideas of property among themselves is perfectly accurate. Their chief riches consist in horses, which are ob-

tained from the nations south of them, the Chayennes, Poncars, Panies, &c. who often steal them from the Spaniards in Mexico. They believe in a Supreme Being, a future state, and supernatural agency. The great Spirit is the giver of all good, and the bad Spirits are little wicked beings, scarcely more malicious than our Fairies.

"When an Indian has shot down his enemy, and is preparing to scalp him, with the tomahawk uplifted to give the fatal stroke, he will address him in words to this effect: 'My name is Cashegra. I am a famous warrior, and am now going to kill you. When you arrive at the land of spirits, you will see the ghost of my father; tell him it was Cashegra that sent you there.' He then gives the blow."

Murder is punished with death, the nearest of kin to the murdered acting as executioner. Cowardice is visited by degradation to menial labour and the work of women. In some tribes, a husband has a right to bite off the nose of his Squaw, if she commits adultery! Suicide among the Sioux women, and female infanticide, are not uncommon, though it is generally held that these crimes are displeasing to the *Father of Life*, and will subject the perpetrators in the land of spirits to drag about the tree to which they hang themselves: for this reason they always chuse the smallest tree that can sustain their weight.

We shall not pause to select a description of a Squaw dance, in honour of a successful expedition. Many of the Squaws equipped themselves in their husband's clothes, danced in a circle, and alternately harangued in praise of the warlike deeds of their lords; nor will our space allow us to extract any of the entertaining passages relative to the hunting of the Indians, and their mode of life; the wonderful habits of the beaver and of other remarkable animals, such as the fœtid skunk, the Columbo migratorius, &c. &c. We can only mention respecting the latter, that they associate in prodigious flocks, covering sometimes several acres of land so closely as to hide the ground.

"This phalanx moves through the woods with considerable celerity, picking up as it passes along, every thing that

will serve for food. That all may have an equal chance, the instant that any rank becomes the last, they rise, and flying over the whole flock, alight exactly a-head of the foremost. They succeed each other with so much rapidity that there is a continual stream of them in the air, and a side view of them exhibits the appearance of the segment of a large circle moving through the woods. They cease to look for food long before they become the last rank, but strictly adhere to their regulations, and never rise till there are none behind them."

Mr. Bradbury states that the honey-bees introduced to America from Europe are increasing prodigiously; they have now penetrated all this part in myriads, and have spread so much in common with the white people as to be held either as their precursors or brother colonists.

We shall close our observations and this volume (entertaining, as we trust appears from our review, in spite of all its defects) with an aquatic adventure more sportive than the earthquake. On returning from a visit to the Mandan's, our author says—"We crossed Knife river at the upper village of the Minetarees. The old Squaw who brought the canoe to the opposite side of the river, was accompanied by three young Squaws, apparently about fourteen or fifteen years of age, who came over in the canoe, and were followed by an Indian, who swam over to take care of our horses. When our saddles were taken off and put into the canoe, Mr. Breckenridge and myself stepped in, and were followed by the old Squaw, when the three young Squaws instantly stripped, threw their clothes into the canoe, and jumped into the river. We had scarcely embarked before they began to practice on us every mischievous trick they could think of. The slow progress which the canoe made enabled them to swim round us frequently, sometimes splashing us; then seizing hold of the old Squaw's paddle, who tried in vain to strike them with it; at other times they would pull the canoe in such a manner as to change the direction of its course; at length they all seized hold of the hind part and clung to it. The old Squaw called out to the Indian who was following our horses: he immediately swam down to our assistance,

and soon relieved us from our frolick- tween the Squaw and the Indian. We some tormentors, by plunging them suc- had many invitations to have staid to cessively over head, and holding them smoke, but as it was near sunset, and we for a considerable time under water. had seven miles to ride, they excu- After some time they all made their sed us." escape from him by dividing and swim- This adventure of the black mermaids ming in different directions. On landing, would make a whimsical picture. A by way of retaliation, we seized their woman and child of this tribe were re- clothes, and caused much laughing be- marked for having brown hair.

BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAITS.

From the Literary Gazette, November 1817.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY ERSKINE.

NATURE is ever various in her works. The Heavens and the Earth, the world of Astronomy and the Moral world, things inanimate and things animate, present diversities the most remarkable, and coincidences the most curious. Contrast and comparison meet us at every glance; and though these may sometimes be fanciful, they are rarely destitute of the quality of pleasing, either from their aptness, utility, or imagination. We have been led to this preface by supposing somewhat of a resemblance may be traced between the face of the firmament and the disposition of human genius on our sphere. Now we observe one sun of paramount brilliancy, and now one mortal whose wonderful powers eclipse the race to which he belongs; now a cluster of glorious lights attracts the eye above, and now a constellation of superior beings illuminates the globe below: the richest congeries which we admire of stars, is but an Augustan age of immortal men.

But we will not pursue our simile further; it is enough to have generalized that idea which has prevailed from the earliest ages to such an extent, that the terms of the science, whence it is borrowed, have been from time immemorial metaphorically applied to mundane affairs, and mankind have thought the likeness so supernatural as to infer, that the heavenly bodies not only corresponded with, but controlled human actions. This wild, but beautiful theory, has been supported by the destinies of peculiar countries, families, and individuals. The vicissitudes of fortune raising to the pinnacle of happiness and honour, or sinking

to the abyss of misery and disgrace; the appearance of a fatality ruining the best-concerted plans, or of a chance prospering those most hopeless of success; the exaltation of some, the decline of others, the changes of all, have been ascribed to influences beyond understanding, when, in truth, obvious causes might have been detected in the production of ordinary and certain effects.

The subject becomes mixed, however, when we see nations, classes, or particular persons advancing by a sure process to greatness. There is a heaven in the origin, but the means are of this earth. Talent or genius, the gift of God, is the foundation; and the right application of the blessing forms the superstructure. Thus Athens grew sublime, thus Wellington achiev'd his fame, and thus, we may add, the family of which HENRY ERSKINE was a member, has risen to distinguished eminence, in a land where the competition is so high, that he must be greatly endowed indeed, who gains a foremost rank. Such was the station the subject of this Memoir attained.

HENRY ERSKINE was born at Edinburgh, on the 1st of November, 1746, O.S. He was the third son of Henry David Erskine, the tenth Earl of Buchan, who died at Bath, December 1st, 1767, leaving issue David Stewart his surviving and second son the present Earl, Henry and Thomas. Hereditary talent seems to have been the lot of the three sons of a father of sound and cultivated understanding, and a mother eminent not only for piety, but for learning.*

* This lady was the second daughter of Sir James Stewart, Bart. Her ladyship had one brother (the scientific author of the *Political Economy*, and various other works displaying the deepest erudition).

It was the good fortune, (for in the families of the great and rich, it is good fortune so far as intellectual cultivation is concerned,) of the brothers we have named to be the younger branches of their noble house. Their education was committed to a tutor every way worthy of that charge, James Buchanan, of Glasgow.

From this able tuition, the three brothers were transferred to the University of St. Andrew, thence to Glasgow, and finally, to complete the course of study, to the capital of Scotland.

Henry Erskine was called to the Scottish bar in the year 1768, when in his 22d year. From that era, till the year 1812, when he retired from practice, he was one of the brightest ornaments of his profession—classical, witty, luminous, and eloquent. In the course of his legal career he held for several years the appointment of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, from which, party politics then running very high in Scotland, he was driven by the ascendancy of that party to which he was opposed. He was also twice appointed Lord Advocate, namely, under the Rockingham Administration in 1782, and the Grenville and Fox Administration in 1806. During the latter, he represented the Dunbar and Dumfries district of Boroughs in Parliament, and the writer of this article can state, from a perfect recollection of the fact, that he produced a strong impression upon the House, by the speeches which he delivered. It is seldom that the oratory of the bar can bear transplanting to the senate, but in this instance the effect was equal, and what was wont to convince in the one place, did not fail to carry great weight with it in the other.

In his long and splendid career at the bar, Mr. Erskine was distinguished not only by the peculiar brilliancy of his wit, and the gracefulness, ease and vivacity of his eloquence, but by the still rarer power of keeping those seducing qualities in perfect subordination to his judgment. By their assistance he could not only make the most repulsive subjects agreeable, but the most abstruse, easy and intelligible. In his profession, indeed, all his wit was argument, and each of his delightful illustrations a material step in his reasoning. To himself it seemed always as if they were recommended

rather for their use than their beauty. And unquestionably they often enabled him to state a fine argument, or a nice distinction, not only in a more striking and pleasing way, but actually with greater precision than could have been attained by the severer forms of reasoning.

In this extraordinary talent, as well as the charming facility of his eloquence, and the constant radiance of good humour and gaiety which encircled his manner in debate, he had no rival in his own times, and has yet had no successor. That part of eloquence is now mute,—that honour in abeyance.

The character of Mr. Erskine's eloquence bore a strong resemblance to that of his Noble Brother, (Lord Erskine) but being much less *diffusive*, it was better calculated to leave a forcible impression: he had the art of concentrating his ideas, and presenting them at once in so luminous and irresistible a form, as to render his hearers masters of the view he took of his subject; which, however dry or complex in its nature, never failed to become entertaining and instructive in his hands; for, to professional knowledge of the highest order, he united a most extensive acquaintance with history, literature, and science: and a thorough conversancy with human life, and moral and political philosophy. The writer of this article has witnessed, with pleasure and astonishment, the widely different emotions excited by the amazing powers of his oratory; fervid and affecting in the extremest degree, when the occasion called for it; and no less powerful in opposite circumstances, by the potency of wit and the brilliancy of comic humour, which constantly excited shouts of laughter throughout the precincts of the court,—the mirthful glee even extended itself to the ermined sages, who found too much amusement in the scene to check the fascinating actor of it. He assisted the great powers of his understanding by an indefatigable industry, not commonly annexed to extraordinary genius; and he kept his mind open for the admission of knowledge by the most unaffected modesty of deportment. The harmony of his periods, and the accuracy of his expressions, in his most unpremeditated speeches, were not among the least of his oratorical accomplishments. In the most

rapid of his flights, when his tongue could scarce keep pace with his thoughts, he never failed to seize the choicest words in the treasury of our language. The apt, beautiful, and varied images which constantly decorated his judicial addresses, suggested themselves instantaneously, and appeared, like the soldiers of Cadmus, in complete armour and array to support the cause of their creator, the most remarkable feature of whose eloquence was, that it never made him swerve by one hair-breadth from the minuter details most befitting his purpose; for, with matchless skill, he rendered the most dazzling oratory subservient to the uses of consummate *special pleading*, so that his prudence and sagacity as an advocate, were as decisive as his speeches were splendid. Mr. Erskine's attainments, as we have before observed, were not confined to a mere acquaintance with his professional duties; he was an elegant classical scholar, and an able mathematician; and he also possessed many minor accomplishments in great perfection. His knowledge of music was correct, and his execution on the violincello most pleasing. In all the various relations of private life Mr. E.'s character was truly estimable, and the just appreciation of its virtues extended far beyond the circle of his own family and friends; and it is a well-authenticated fact, that a writer (or, as we should say, attorney) in a distant part of Scotland, representing to an oppressed and needy tacksman, who had applied to him for advice, the futility of entering into a lawsuit with a wealthy neighbour, having himself no means of defending his cause received for answer, "Ye dinna ken what ye say, Maister, there's nae a puir man in Scotland need want a friend or fear an enemy while Harry Erskine lives!" How much honor does that simple sentence convey to the generous and benevolent object of it! He had, indeed, a claim to the affection and respect of all who were within the knowledge of his extraordinary talents and more uncommon virtues.

With a mind that was superior to fear and incapable of corruption, regulated by undeviating principles of integrity and uniformity, elevated in *adversity* as in prosperity, neither subdued by pleasure into effeminacy, nor sunk into dejection by distress;—in no situation of his life was he ashamed or afraid of discharging his duty, but constant to the God whom he worshipped he evinced his confidence in the faith he professed, *by his actions*; to his friends he was *faithful*, to his enemies *generous*, ever ready to sacrifice his little private interests and pleasures to what he conceived to be the public welfare, or to the domestic felicity of those around him. In the words of an eloquent writer he was "a man to choose for a *superior*, to trust as a *friend*, and to love as a *brother*:" the ardency of his efforts to promote the happiness of his fellow-creatures was a prominent feature in his character; his very faults had their origin in the excessive confidence of too liberal a spirit, the uncircumscribed beneficence of too warm a heart. It has been remarked of a distinguished actor, that he was less to be envied whilst receiving the meed of universal applause than at the head of his own table: the observation may justly be applied to Mr. E. In no sphere was the lustre of his talents more conspicuous, while the unaffected grace and suavity of his manners, the benevolent smile that illumined his intelligent countenance in the exercise of the hospitalities of the social board, rendered indeed a meeting at his house "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." In person, Mr. E. was above the middle size, well proportioned but slender; his features were all *character*, and most strikingly expressive of the rare qualities of his *mind*. In early life his carriage was remarkably graceful—dignified and impressive as occasion required it; in manner he was gentle, playful, and unassuming, and so persuasive was his address that he never failed to attract attention, and by the spell of irresistible fascination to fix and enchain it. His voice was powerful and melodious, his enunciation uncommonly accurate and distinct, and there was a peculiar *grace* in his utterance which enhanced the value of all he said, and engraved the remembrance of it indelibly on the minds of his hearers. For many years of his life, Mr. Erskine had been the victim of ill health, but the native sweetness of his temper remained unclouded, and during the painfully protracted sufferings of his last illness, the language of complaint was never heard

to escape his lips, nor the shadow of discontent seen to cloud his countenance ! “ Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it,” he looked patiently forward to the termination of his painful existence, and received with mild complacency the intelligence of his danger, while the ease and happiness of those, whose felicity through life had been his primary consideration, was never absent from his thoughts. It is said that Swift, after having written that celebrated satire on mankind, *Gulliver’s Travels*, exclaimed while meditating on the rare virtues of his friend Arbuthnot, “ Oh ! were there ten Arbuthnots in the world, I would burn my book.”—It is difficult to contemplate such a character as Mr. Erskine’s without a similar sentiment,—without feeling that were there many Erskines one should learn to think better of mankind. The general voice placed him, while living, high among the illustrious characters of the present age ; may the humble memorial the author is giving to the public, preserve his name unblemished by mis-representation till some more equal pen shall hand it down to posterity as a bright example of what great usefulness extraordinary talents may prove to society when under the direction of sound judgment, incorruptible integrity, and enlarged philanthropy.*

Like most men, whose wit procures them a high reputation in society for those accomplishments which render social converse so delightful, for a long period almost all the bon-mots and jeux-d’esprit, circulated in the northern metropolis were ascribed to Mr. Erskine. We might collect a volume of his happy thoughts and expressions, without trenching on those of doubtful origin, but our text is too serious to admit of much suitable relief from pleasantry, and we limit

* On the death of his first lady, in 1804, he married Mrs. Turnbull, the widow of — Turnbull, Esq., and the daughter of a Mr. Munro, of Edinburgh. This amiable and respected lady survives him : by her he has left no issue, but two sons and daughters of his former union. The eldest son, who succeeds to his estate, (and is now the presumptive heir of the ancient Earldom of Buchan,) married, in 1811, the eldest daughter of the late Sir Charles Shipley.

ourselves to a very few examples of Mr. Erskine’s lighter vein.

IMPROMPTU OF MOORE’S ANACREON.

Oh ! mourn not for Anacreon dead—
Oh ! weep not for Anacreon fled—
The lyre still breathes he touched before,
For we have one Anacreon Moore.

EPIGRAM.

On that high bench where Kenyon holds his seat,
England may boast that Truth and Justice meet ;
But in a Northern Court, where *Pride* commands the chair,
Oppression holds the scales, and Judgment’s lost in *Ayr* !

ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote is strikingly characteristic of Mr. Erskine’s well-known humorous disposition :—During a theatrical representation at Edinburgh, a presuming young coxcomb chose to render himself conspicuous by standing up in the middle of the pit all through the progress of the first act of the Play ; his neighbours were at first too polite to insist on his conforming to the usual regulations, and merely represented to him the inconvenience those behind him suffered, to which he paid no manner of attention ; the audience at last began to testify their displeasure, and the cry of “ *turn him out*,” became universal, and a riot would most probably have ensued, from the indignation of one party, and the tenaciousness of the other, had it not been for Mr. E., who laying a wager with a gentleman near him, that he would accomplish the matter by a single sentence, stood up and addressing himself to the persons who were forcing compliance on the obstinate youth, exclaimed, “ leave him alone, *Gentlemen, it is only a Tailor resting himself* ;”—a roar of laughter followed the exclamation ; the efficacy of which was immediately testified, by the disappointed object of it, whose only motive was a desire to impress those around him with a high idea of his fashion and gentility.

But we have given enough to trifling on this occasion ; and conclude by applying, from the greatest of the Roman Poets, as his friend and brother has from the greatest Roman Orator, one quotation to our subject—

Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

NATURALISTS' DIARY FOR MARCH.

From "Time's Telescope."

MARCH, though cold and windy, is generally conducive to health. The superabundant moisture of the earth is dried up, and the process of vegetation is gradually brought on. The latest springs are always the most favourable, because, as the young buds do not appear so soon, they are not liable to be cut off by chilling blasts. Often may we say with the poet, in this and the following month,

Thou lingerest, *Spring* ! still wintry is the scene,
The fields their dead and sapless russet wear ;
Scarcely does the glossy *pile-wort* yet appear
Starring the sunny bank, or early green
The *elder* yet its circling tufts put forth.
The *sparrow* tenants still the eaves-built nest,
Where we should see our *martins'* snowy breast
Oft darting out. The blasts from the bleak north
And from the keener east still frequent blow.
Sweet Spring, thou lingerest ! and it should be so ;
Late let the fields and gardens blossom out !
Like *man* when most with smiles thy face is drest,
'Tis to deceive, and he who knows ye best,
When most ye promise, ever most must doubt.

The melody of birds now gradually swells upon the ear. The *throstle* (*turdus musicus*), second only to the nightingale in song, charms us with the sweetness and variety of its lays. Its head, back, and lesser coverts of the wings, are of a deep-olive-brown ; and the inner surface of the latter is yellow. The cheeks and throat are mottled with brown and white ; the belly and breast are of a pale yellow colour, with large black spots. *Throstles* build their nests in some low bush or thicket : externally, they are composed of earth, moss, and straw, but the inside is curiously plastered with clay. Here the female deposits five or six pale-bluish green eggs, marked with dusky spots. From the top of high trees, for the greater part of the year, it pours its song,

Varied as his plumes ; and as his plumes
Blend beautiful, each with each, so run his notes
Smoothly, with many a happy rise and fall.
How prettily upon his parted breast,
The vividly contrasted tints unite
To please the admiring eye ! so, loud and soft,
And high and low, all in his notes combine,
In alternation sweet, to charm the ear.

Full earlier than the blackbird he begins
His vernal strain. Regardless of the frown
Which winter casts upon the vernal day.
Though snowy flakes melt in the primrose cup,

He warbling on, awaits the sunny beam
That mild gleams down, and spreads o'er all the grove.

This bold and pleasing songster, from his high station, seems to command the concert of the grove, while, in the beautiful language of the poet,

The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe (discordant heard alone),
Aid the full concert, while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

The linnet and goldfinch join the general concert in this month. Goldfinches construct very neat and compact compartments, with moss, dried grass, and roots, which they line with wool, hair, the down of thistles, and other soft substances. The females lay five white eggs, marked with deep purple spots at the larger end : they feed their young with caterpillars and insects ; but the old birds subsist on various kinds of seeds, especially those of the thistle, of which they are extremely fond.

Sometimes, suspended at the limber end
Of planetree spray, among the broad-leaved shoots,
The tiny hammock swings to every gale ;
Sometimes in closest thickets 'tis concealed ;
Sometimes in hedge luxuriant, where the brier,
The bramble, and the plum-tree, branch.
Warp through the thorn, surmounted by the flowers
Of climbing vetch, and honeysuckle wild,
All undefaced by art's deforming hand.
But mark the pretty bird himself ! how light
And quick his every motion, every note !
How beautiful his plumes ! his red-ringed head ;
His breast of brown : and see him stretch his wing,—
A fairy fan of golden spokes it seems.

Rooks and crows, it has been proved, are by no means so detrimental to the farmer as is generally imagined, though many of them still commit great havoc among these birds, and use every means in their power to frighten them away. The ordinances of nature, however incomprehensible they may appear to human observation, are founded on principles which are intended for our universal good ; and the subversion of them is only calculated to draw down misery upon ourselves.

The farmer shoots rooks, &c. and hangs them up *in terrorem*, though these birds cover his fresh-ploughed land, not in search of grain, but of various grubs and worms which are injurious to his future

crop. The hedge-hog, another proscribed animal, falsely accused of sucking cows, and even getting into their udders, in like manner feeds altogether upon beetles, cockchafers, and other insects, which are extremely injurious to the agriculturalist, either in their larva or perfect state. Worms and grubs are also the food of the mole; and although, in his mining process, he undoubtedly overturns many growing plants, yet, he is probably, upon the whole, more useful than injurious to man. In short, there is scarcely an instance of a proscribed animal that deserves the treatment he meets with. Superficial observation is by no means sufficient to justify cruel proscription.

Many years since, it is recorded, that the farmers in Buckinghamshire, most of whom had pigeon-houses on their farms, calculating upon the quantity of corn consumed by these birds, entered into a mutual agreement to suppress these hordes of plunderers; but instead of experiencing an increase of crop in consequence, they unfortunately found their corn overrun with melilot to such a degree, as soon to induce them to wish for their pigeons back again. By examining the crops of pigeons, it will be found that these birds uniformly prefer leguminous seed to the cerealia. Wheat and barley will not be touched while they can procure peas, beans, or even the small seeds of the tincture and melilot, which are weeds among the corn.

TO THE CROW.

Say weary bird, whose level flight
Thus, at the dusky hour of night,
Tends thro' the midway air,

Why yet beyond the verge of day
Is lengthened out thy dark delay,
Adding another to the hours of care?

The wren within her mossy nest
Has hushed her little brood to rest;
The wood-wild pigeon, rocked on high,
Has cooed his last soft note of love,
And fondly nestles by his dove,
To guard their downy young from an inclement sky.

Each twittering bill and busy wing,
That flits through morning's humid spring,
Is still—list'ning perhaps so late
To *Philomel's* enchanting lay,
Who now, ashamed to sing by day,
Trills the sweet sorrows of her fate.

Haste, bird, and nurse thy callow brood,
They call on Heaven and thee for food,
Bleak—on some cliff's neglected tree;
Haste, weary bird, thy lagging flight—
It is the chilling hour of night;
Fit hour of rest for thee!

Those birds which have passed the winter in England now take their departure for more northerly regions. The field-fares (*turdus pilaris*) travel to Russia, Sweden, and Norway, and even as far as Siberia. They do not arrive in France till December, when they assemble in large flocks of two or three thousand. The red-wing (*turdus iliacus*), which frequent the same places, eats the same food, and is very similar in manners to the field fare, also takes leave of this country for the season. Soon afterwards the woodcock (*scolopax rusticola*) wings its aerial voyage to the countries bordering on the Baltic. 'Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming.'—Jeremiah.

Milton styles the feathered race, thus divinely taught, 'intelligent of seasons;' and the venerable prophet above adduces this instinctive and invariable observation of their appointed time, as a circumstance of reproach to the chosen people of God, who, although taught by reason and religion, 'knew not,' he adds, 'the judgment of the Lord.'—Jer. viii. 7.

The migration of birds, which is common to the quail, the stork, the crane, the fieldfare, the woodcock, the nightingale, the cuckoo, the martin, the swallow, and various others, is, indeed, a very curious article in natural history, and furnishes a very striking instance of a powerful instinct impressed by the Creator. Dr. Derham observes two circumstances remarkable in this migration: the first, that these untaught, unthinking creatures, should know the proper times for their passage, when to come, and when to go; as also, that some should come when others go. No doubt, the temperature of the air as to heat and cold, and their natural propensity to breed their young, are the great incentives to these creatures to change their habitations. But why should they at all change their habitations? And why is not some certain place to be found, in all the terra-queous globe, that, all the year round, can afford them convenient food and habitation?

The second remarkable circumstance is, that they should know which way to steer their course, and whither to go.

What instinct is it that can induce a little defenceless bird to venture over vast tracts of land and sea? If it be said, that by their high ascents into the air, they can see across the seas; yet what shall instruct or persuade them, that another land is most proper for their purpose than this? That Great Britain, for instance should afford them better accommodations, than Egypt, the Canaries, Spain, or any of the other intermediate countries?

What lover of nature's music, but is charmed with the various notes and modulations of our English singing birds? The sweetness of the throstle;—the cheerfulness of the sky lark;—the mellowness of the thrush, building near the mistletoe;—the imitative talent of the bull-finch;—the varied and familiar language of the red-breast, endeared to us, from our youth, by so many agreeable associations;—the wood-lark, priding herself in being little inferior to the nightingale, and making her home in lair-ground, under large tufts of grass to shelter her from the cold;—the vivacity of the wren, forming her nest with dry leaves and moss, among hedges and shrubs encircled with ivy;—the solemn cry of the owl;—and the soft note of the linnet, building upon heaths with roots, and among thorns with moss, and subject to the disorder of melancholy!—Not one of these birds breathes a single note, that is not listened to with pleasure;

Happy commoners!

That haunt in woods, in meads, in flowery gardens,
Rifle the sweets and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.—*Rowe.*

Among the numerous songsters of this month we must not omit to name the

Early, cheerful, mounting lark,
Light's gentle usher, Morning's clerk,
In merry notes delighting,

and 'bearing up its hymn to heaven.' The skylark commonly forms its nest between two clods of earth, and lines it with dried grass and roots. In this she lays four or five eggs, and her period of incubation is about a fortnight, which office she generally performs twice a year. Her maternal affection is extremely interesting, both to the eye and to the heart. When her young are callow, she may be seen fluttering over their heads, directing their motions, anticipating their wants, and guarding them against the approach of danger.

The instinctive attachment, indeed, of the female skylark to her offspring, often precedes the period when she is capable of being a mother. 'A young hen bird,' says Buffon, 'was brought to me in the month of May, which was not able to feed without assistance. I caused her to be educated; and she was hardly fledged when I received from another place a nest of three or four callow skylarks. To these strangers she contracted a strong liking; she attended them night and day, though nearly as old as herself, cherished them beneath her wings, and fed them with her bill. Nothing could interrupt her tender offices. If the objects of her regard were torn from her, she flew back to them as soon as she was liberated, and disdained to think of effecting her own escape, which she had frequent opportunities of doing, while they remained in confinement. Her affection seemed to deprive her of every concern for self preservation; she neglected food and drink, and though now supplied the same as her adopted offspring, she expired at last, quite worn out with maternal solicitude. None of the young ones long survived her, but died one after another; so essential were her cares, which were equally tender and judicious to their preservation.

The melody of the lark continues during the whole of the summer. It is chiefly, however, in the morning and evening that its strains are heard; and as it chaunts its mellow notes on the wing, it is the peculiar favourite of every person who has taste to relish the beauties of nature, at the most tranquil season of the day, particularly at dawn, when he 'warbles high.'

His trembling—thrilling—ecstasy;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

The lark mounts almost perpendicularly, and by successive springs, into the air, where it frequently hovers over its nest, and the objects of its dearest affections, at a vast height, without once losing sight of them. Its descent is in an oblique direction, unless when it is alarmed or attracted by its mate, when it drops to the earth like a stone.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.

When it begins to rise, its notes are feeble and interrupted; but they gradually swell, as it ascends, to their full tone, and delight every ear that is enamoured of nature.

For nearly three months before Christmas, larks lose their voice, begin to assemble in flocks, grow fat, and are taken in prodigious numbers by the bird-catchers. As many as four thousand dozen have been caught in the vicinity of Dunstable alone, between September and February; nor are they less an object of pursuit in other districts; so that it is justly a matter of wonder that the species should still remain without apparent diminution. In Germany, such quantities of larks are caught that they are subjected to an excise duty, which, according to Keysler, produces to the city of Leipsic, without noticing other places, no less a sum than 900*l.* sterling a year. In France, larks form a common dish, at this time, at almost every table.

In this month, trouts begin to rise; blood-worms appear in the water; black ants (*formica nigra*) are observed; the blackbird and the turkey (*meleagris gallopavo*) lay; and house pigeons sit. The bat (*vespertilio*) is seen flitting about, and the viper uncoils itself from its winter sleep. The wheatear (*sylvia ænanthe*), or English ortolan, again pays its annual visit, leaving England in September. They are found in great numbers about East Bourne, in Sussex, more than eighteen hundred dozen being annually taken in this neighbourhood. They are usually sold at six pence a dozen.

In many places, a great havoc is made, in this month, among sparrows and other small birds by the farmer; and rewards are sometimes offered for their destruction. How ignorant are the generality of mankind of their own good! This order includes no fewer than forty different kinds of birds which do not eat a single grain of corn, but which, in the course of the spring and summer, devour millions of insects that would otherwise prove infinitely more injurious to the farmer, than all the sparrows that haunt his fields, were they ten times more numerous than they are. And even with respect to sparrows, which are certainly, in some measure, injurious to the crops, were the farmer seriously to reflect that the Al-

mighty has not formed any race of beings whatever, without giving to them an important destination, he would not probably be so anxious for *their* destruction. It has been satisfactorily ascertained that a single pair of sparrows, while their young ones are in the nest, destroy on an average above *three thousand caterpillars* every week! At this rate, if all the species of small birds were to be extirpated, what would then become of the crops?

Frogs, enlivened by the warmth of spring, rise from the bottom of ponds and ditches, where they have lain torpid during the winter. The smelt (*salmo eperlanus*) begins to ascend rivers to spawn, when they are taken in great abundance.

On the 20th, the *vernal* equinox takes place. All Nature feels her renovating sway, and seems to rejoice at the retreat of winter. The willow (*salix*) now enlivens the hedges; the aspen (*populus tremula*), and the alder (*alnus betula*), have their flowers full blown; the laurustinus (*viburnum tinus*) and the bay (*laurus nobilis*) begin to open their leaves. The equinoctial gales are usually most felt, both by sea and land, about this time.

Our gardens begin now to assume somewhat of a cheerful appearance. Crocuses, exhibiting a rich mixture of yellow and purple, ornament the borders; mezzereon is in all its beauty; the little flowers 'with silver crest and golden eye,' the daisies, are scattered over dry pastures; and the pilewort, (*ranunculus ficaria*) is seen on the moist banks of ditches. The primrose too (*primula veris*) peeps from beneath the hedge.

A thousand bills are busy now; the skies
Are winnowed by a thousand fluttering wings,
While all the feathered race their annual rites
Ardent begin, and choose where best to build
With more than human skill; some cautious seek
Sequestered spots, while some more confident
Scarcely ask a covert. Wiser, these elude
The foes that prey upon their several kinds;
Those to the hedge repair with velvet down
Of budding willows, beautifully white.
The cavern-loving wren sequestered seeks
The verdant shelter of the hollow stump,
And with congenial moss, harmless deceit,
Constructs a safe abode. On topmost boughs
The glossy raven, and the hoarse-voiced crow,
Rocked by the storm, erect their airy nests.
The ousel, lone frequenter of the grove
Of fragrant pines, in solemn depth of shade
Finds rest; or 'mid the holly's shining leaves,
A simple bush the piping thrush contents,
Though in the woodland concert he aloft

Trills from his spotted throat a powerful strain,
And scorns the humbler quire. The lark too asks
A lowly dwelling, hid beneath a turf,
Or hollow, trodden by the sinking hoof;
Songster of heaven! who to the sun such lays
Pours forth, as earth ne'er owns. Within the hedge
The sparrow lays her sky-stained eggs. The barn
With eaves o'er pendant, holds the chattering tribe:
Secret the linnet seeks the tangled copse:
The white owl seeks some antique ruined wall,
Fearless of rapine; or in hollow trees
Which age has eaverned, safely courts repose:
The thievish pie in twofold colours clad,
Roofs o'er her curious nest with firm-wreathed twigs,
And sidelong forms her cautious door; she dreads
The taloned kite, or pouncing hawk; savage
Herself;—with craft suspicion ever dwells.

Bidlake.

The leaves of honey suckles are now nearly expanded; in our gardens, the buds of the cherry-tree (*prunus cerasus*), the peach (*amygdalus persica*), the nectarine, the apricot, and the almond (*prunus armeniaca*), are fully opened in this month. The buds of the hawthorn (*cratægus oxyantha*) and of the larch-tree (*pinus larix*) begin to open; and the tansy (*tanacetum vulgare*) emerges out of the ground; the daffodil (*pseudonarcissus*) in moist thickets, the rush (*juncus pilosus*), and the spurge laurel (*daphne laureola*), found in woods, are now in bloom. The common whitlow grass (*draba verna*) on old walls; the yellow Alpine whitlow grass (*draba aizoides*) on maritime rocks; and the mountain pepperwort (*lepidum petræum*) among limestone rocks, flower in March.

The sweet violet (*viola odorata*) sheds its delicious perfumes in this month.

Though the striped tulip, and the blushing rose,
The polyanthus broad, with golden eye,
The full carnation, and the lily tall,
Display their beauties on the gay parterre,
In costly gardens, where th' unlicensed feet
Of rusties tread not; yet that lavish hand,
Which scatters violets under every thorn,
Forbids that sweets like these should be confined
Within the limits of the rich man's wall.*

The gannets, or Soland geese (*pelicanus bassanus*), resort in March to the

Hebrides, and other isles of North Britain, to make their nests, and lay their eggs.

We shall conclude with a beautiful 'Elegy on the approach of Spring,' by John Scott, of Amwell.

Stern Winter hence with all his train removes,
And cheerful skies and limpid streams are seen;
Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves;
Reviving herbage clothes the fields with green.
Yet lovelier scenes th' approaching months prepare;
Kind Spring's full bounty soon will be displayed;
The smile of beauty every vale shall wear;
The voice of song enliven every shade.

O Fancy, paint not coming days too fair!
Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darkened all the air,
Or snows untimely whitened o'er the field:

But should kind Spring her wonted bounty show'r,
The smile of beauty, and the voice of song;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpow'r,
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoyed along.

I shun the scenes where maddening passion raves,
Where Pride and Folly high dominion hold,
And unrelenting Avarice drives her slaves
O'er prostrate Virtue in pursuit of gold.

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,
The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flowers gay,
The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield
Than all the pomp imperial domes display:

And yet ev'n here, amid these secret shades,
These simple scenes of unrepined delight,
Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,
And Death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While genial suns to genial showers succeed,
(The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom);
While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the mead,
Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume;

O why alone to hapless man denied
To taste the bliss inferior beings boast?
O why this fate, that fear and pain divide
His few short hours on earth's delightful coast?

Ah cease—no more of Providence complain!
'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
And palls each joy by Heaven indulged below:

Why else the smiling infant-train so blessed,
Ere ill propension ripens into sin,
Ere wild desire inflames the youthful breast,
And dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
As to the sportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joys sincere the seasons yield,
And all their days and all their prospects please.

Such mine, when first, from London's crowded streets,
Roved my young steps to Surry's wood-crowned hills
O'er new blown meads, that breathed a thousand sweets,
By shady coverts and by crystal rills.

O happy hours, beyond recovery fled!
What share I now that can your loss repay,
While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are spread
And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no Power this darkness to remove?
The long-lost joys of Eden to restore,
Or raise our views to happier seats above,
Where fear and pain and death shall be no more?

* To ———,

Wrapped round a Nosegay of Violets.

Dear object of my late and early prayer!
Source of my joy, and solace of my care!
Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give,
As makes me wish, and tells me how, to live!
To thee the Muse with grateful hand would bring
These first fair children of the doubtful spring.
O may they, fearless of a varying sky,
Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye;
In fairer lights, their vivid blue display,
And sweeter breathe their little lives away!

3N ATHENEUM. Vol. 2.

Yes, those there are who know a Saviour's love,
 The long-lost joys of Eden can restore,
 And raise their views to happier seats above,
 Where fear and pain and death shall be no more :
 These, grateful, share the gift of Nature's hand ;
 And in the varied scenes that round them shine
 (Minute and beautiful, or rude and grand),
 Admire th' amazing workmanship divine.
 Blows not a floweret in th' enamelled vale,
 Shines not a pebble where the rivulet strays,

Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,
 But claims their wonder and excites their praise.
 From them ev'n vernal Nature looks more gay,
 For them more lively hues the fields adorn ;
 To them more fair the fairest smile of Day,
 To them more sweet the sweetest breath of Morn.
 They feel the bliss that Hope and Faith supply ;
 They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring
 The Day that wafis them to the realms on high,
 The Day that centres in Eternal Spring.

VARIETIES :

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT'S FOLLOWERS.

From the Literary Panorama, Nov. 1817.

THE following instance of horrible superstition is almost incredible in these enlightened times ; it is, however, well authenticated :—

SACRIFICING A BLACK PIG.

"Tuesday the 14th ult. about 100 persons, 18 of whom were women, calling themselves the followers of Joanna Southcott, assembled in the wood at Forest hill, near Sydenham ; their purpose was, apparently, some act of religious worship, and the following account will give you some idea of the infatuation of these poor deluded people :—

On arriving at a spot suitable for their purpose, and having formed a circle, they began by singing and prayer, which they continued for a considerable time. They then drew from the bag a small *live black pig*, and having secured its legs, the women divided into two companies, and each female gave the animal nine distinct blows on the head with a chopper. This done, the men proceeded to beat it with poles, sticks, &c. till it was quite dead ; they bound it with a strong iron chain, and having hoisted it up, they placed a tar barrel underneath, and with the aid of furze, &c. they soon had a blazing fire. Having done their utmost to burn the pig to ashes, they scattered the remains over their heads, and trampled it under their feet. This was succeeded again by singing and prayer. Upon first viewing their brutal behaviour, I was induced to interrupt them ; but considering they were in an act of religious worship (although so contrary to humanity and reason), and remembering the religious liberty it is my privilege to enjoy, I deemed it right they should enjoy the same. Being anxious, however, to know the meaning of the ceremony that had been performed, I addressed myself to one who seemed a principal speaker, but whose profession in life appeared to be that of a journeyman blacksmith ; I told him I feared they were in great error, and expressed a wish that God would be pleased to open their eyes to understand the truth. I was immediately surrounded, and requested to state what I considered the truth, and where they erred. I begged first to have their explanation of what I had seen ; and was informed they had copied from the Scriptures 1115 verses, which prove the truth of their doctrines. "The daughter of Zion" (as they call Joanna) is gone to heaven, they said, till the coming of the Shiloh ; and as types and shadows were used under the Mosaic dispensation as

figures of our Saviour, so the miracles he performed were only types of the Shiloh they expected. I then found that the burning of the pig was, in other words, the burning and binding of Satan, and intended the miracle in the 8th of Luke, so that *that morning* their prophet had cast the evil spirit out of each of their hearts, and it had entered the swine.—Various other absurdities were related to me, which it would be only wasting time to mention : after hearing all they had to say, I endeavoured to point out their errors from Scripture, and to direct their attention to that Almighty Saviour, whose is the only name given under Heaven by which men can be saved ; and pointed out the danger I apprehended they were in. But they laughed at my fears, and with branches in their hands, and bows of ribands on their breasts, returned towards London, triumphing in their folly. They all consisted of poor working men, and the man they called their Prophet, or the shadow of the Shiloh, was in appearance a discharged seaman. "J. A."

From the Monthly Magazine, Oct. 1817.

GOTHIC THEATRES.

Forsyth, in his Italian Tour thus criticises the opera-house at Caserta :—
 "The theatre is perhaps too splendid for its own exhibitions. Its form is the usual horse-shoe, encircled with grand alabaster columns : but columns of the Greek orders are generally too many for separating such pigeon-holes as play-house boxes ;—their shafts incommode the cooped spectators, and their capitals obstruct his view. Would not the Gothic enter more intimately into the minute divisions of a modern theatre ? The Gothic excels in little details, it loves little compartments ; its long slender shafts are finely formed to part off the boxes, its flat arches to surmount them, its fan-tracery to face them ; and on the grander parts, such as the stage-front, or the state-boxes, an artist might pile all the pinnacles and enrichments of an old cathedral throne. A theatre, however, is the only structure to which I have never seen the Gothic applied.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ANCIENT SCOTTISH CUSTOM.

Brantome, in his *Vies des Hommes Illustres*, relates that the Vidame de Chartres, while a prisoner of war in England during the reign of Edward III. obtained permission to visit the Highlands of Scotland. After a grand hunting-match, in which a great quantity of game had been killed, he saw these "Scotch savages" devour part of their booty raw, without any other preparation than putting the flesh between two pieces of wood, which they squeezed together with such violence as to express all the blood, so that the flesh was left quite dry. This they considered as a great dainty; and the Vidame highly ingratiated himself with them, because he partook of their fare. In the old romance, *La très élégante Histoire du très noble Roi Perceforest* (Paris, 1531,) this practice is described with great *naïveté* in the following episode, in which Estonne, a Scottish knight, who has killed a deer, addresses his companion, Claudius, in these words:—"Now, Sir, eat as I do."—"So I might, if we had but a fire."—"By my brother's soul," cried Estonne, "I will cook for you, after the fashion of my country, as it befits a knight-errant." Hereupon he drew his sword, went up to a tree, cut off a branch, which he split very deep, two feet at least; then placed a slice of the deer in the cleft, took his horse's bridle, and bound the end of the branch so tightly, that all the blood and juice spirted out of the flesh, and it was left quite dry. He then took it and pulled off the skin, and the flesh looked as white as that of a capon. Upon this he said to Claudius: "Sir, I have cooked the flesh after the manner of my country; you may dine daintily upon it, and I will show you how." He then strewed salt and pepper upon the flesh, rubbed it, and cut it in two parts: one he presented to Claudius, and began to eat so heartily of the other, that the pepper flew out in clouds. When Claudius observed with what an appetite he ate, he followed his example, and relished his fare so well, that he said to Estonne, "Upon my soul, I never ate meat prepared in this fashion; but henceforward, I shall never more turn out of my way to seek other cookery."—"Sir," said Estonne, "when I am on the Scottish

moors that belong to my lord, I ride for a week or perhaps a fortnight together without seeing house or harbour, or even fire, or any living creature, save the beasts of the forest; then am I content with food dressed in this manner, and I should not relish it better out of an emperor's kitchen." Thus did these two ride on, talking and eating, till they reached a valley in which was a very fair spring. When Estonne saw it, he said to Claudius, "Let us drink here of this beverage, which God bestows upon all men, and which I prefer to all the banquets in England."

From the Monthly Magazine.

VOW OF THE PHEASANT.

The pheasant and the peacock were considered as sacred birds among our Gothic ancestors; and in the age of chivalry, when any solemn agreement was made at table, it was customary to vow it over the pheasant. The lady of the house, or her daughter, carried round the dish to the chief guests, and each pronounced over it his promise. At Lille, in 1453, as M. de St. Palaye informs us, a nobleman induced his principal neighbours to vow over the pheasant a crusade against the Turks; however, it did not take place.

THE GOLDEN TORQUES.

Frequent mention is made in the works of the most ancient and most celebrated of the British bards, of the *Torques*, or *golden wreath*, worn round the neck of their chieftains in the day of battle, as an ensign of authority, as well as a badge of honour, and a mark of noble descent. Aneurin, in his epic poem on the unfortunate battle of Catteraeth, written in the sixth century of the Christian era, describes the march of 363 British leaders to the field of battle, all ornamented with the *golden torques*—

To Catteraeth's vale, in glitt'ring row,
Twice two hundred warriors go;
Ev'ry warrior's manly neck,
Chains of regal honours deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link,
From the golden cup they drink, &c.

Gray's Poems.

Lomarchus Senex, or Llywarch Hên, prince of the Cambrian Britons, in his elegies on the loss of his sons, and of his regal dignity, written about the year 560, asserts that he had *four-and-twenty sons* ornamented with the *golden chain*.

ANTIPATHIES.—LAROCHEJAQUELEIN.

From the London Literary Gazette.

The *Journal des Maires* mentions a woman who is seized with horrible convulsions whenever she sees a serpent or a toad. It likewise tells the story of M. Charles d'Escars, Bishop of Langres, who fell into a trance at every eclipse of the Moon. A more extraordinary instance of this kind of phenomenon is related in the Memoirs of Madame de Larochejaquelein. The sight of a squirrel produced on the intrepid Henri de Larochejaquelein all the physical effects of fear; the hero of La Vendée could not approach this weak and innocent animal without trembling. This he himself confessed, though he smiled at his own weakness, and made useless efforts to overcome it.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Chateaubriand was born in 1769, at Comburg, near Fougères, of an antient family in Brittany. He entered the service in 1786, in the regiment of Navarre, and was soon afterward presented to the unfortunate Louis XVI. The army having revolted at the beginning of the Revolution, Chateaubriand went over to North America in 1790, and animated with enthusiasm for the beauties of nature, wandered with infinite delight in the immense forests of the new world. It may be easily imagined what a powerful impression such scenes would make on so elevated an imagination; and it cannot be doubted that he owed to them much of his singular and romantic turn. He lived there two years, returned to Europe in 1792, and, resuming service, was wounded in that year by a shell before Thionville. This accident, added to severe illness, which for three years kept him on the point of death, prevented him from remaining in the army. He then went to England, where he experienced all the inconveniences of poverty, but became intimate with M. de Fontanes, whom he had slightly known in Paris; and it was this enlightened writer who first encouraged him to publish his *Génie du Christianisme*, which appeared in 1802. Anxious to add still farther to his stock of information, he departed for Egypt in July 1806, taking his route through Italy, and travelling through antient Greece, a

country teeming with recollections suited to his ardent imagination; he then visited Turkey, Egypt, and lastly Jerusalem, the principal object of his journey. He afterwards landed on the coasts of Africa, surveyed the spot on which Carthage once stood, and returned home through Spain in 1807. Soon afterward he published his *Martyrs*, and in 1811 *l'Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*. At last came the time when he found himself enabled to express freely his hatred to *Bonaparte*, and his devotion to the cause of the legitimate monarch. It was so early as the beginning of April 1814, that these sentiments burst forth with equal beauty and eloquence, in his book entitled *De Bonaparte et des Bourbons*; of which a prodigious number of copies was printed by order of government, and which had an incalculable effect on the public mind. He produced, at the end of the same year, a work which was remarkable from the prevalent supposition that an august hand had influenced its composition: it was intitled *Réflexions Politiques sur quelques Brochures du Jour*. M. de Chateaubriand had been appointed several months by the King to fill the place of French ambassador at Stockholm: but he had not departed for that city when his Majesty was obliged to go to the Netherlands at the end of March 1815. He therefore accompanied the King, and held at Ghent the station of one of his Majesty's ministers. The report which he addressed to the King in the month of May, on the situation of France, was made public and printed even at that time in Paris without any impediment from *Bonaparte's* police. Immediately on his return, the King created M. de Chateaubriand a peer of France and Minister of State: but he throughout shewed himself an Ultra-Royalist, and chose to dissent from the change adopted in September 1816 respecting the mode of treating the revolutionary party. His publication intitled *De la Monarchie selon la Charte* appeared a few days after the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies; it was seized by the police; and, three days after its publication, an order was inserted in the official journal, purporting that M. de Chateaubriand was no longer to bear the title of *Ministre d'Etat*.

POETRY.

From the Literary Gazette, Nov. 3, 1817.

THE DEATH SONG.

FROM THE ARABIC.

THE current was against us, and as we came near the city (Cairo) the wind lulled almost into a calm. While we were busy at the oar, we heard some unusual sounds on the river's side, and our watermen suddenly threw themselves on their faces, and began a prayer. A procession was seen in a few moments after, advancing from a grove of date trees at a short distance from the bank. It was a band of *Bedouins*, who, in one of their few ventures into the half-civilized world of Lower Egypt for trade, had lost their Chief by sickness. The train were mounted, and the body was borne in the middle of the foremost troop in a kind of palanquin, rude, but ornamented with the strange mixture of savageness and magnificence, that we find not unfrequently among the nobler barbarians of the East and South. The body was covered with a lion's skin; a green, golden-embroidered flag waved over it; and some remarkably rich ostrich feathers on lances made the pillars and capitals of this Arab hearse. The tribe seemed not to observe our boat, though they moved close to the shore; their faces were turned to the setting sun, which was then touching the horizon in full grandeur, with an immense canopy of gorgeous clouds closing round him in shade on shade of deepening purple. The air was remarkably still, and their song, in which the whole train joined at intervals, sounded almost sweet. Their voices were deep and regular, and as the long procession moved slowly away into the desert, with their diminishing forms, and fading chorus, they gave us the idea of a train passing into eternity. I send you a translation of their song or hymn, such as I could collect it from the unclassic lips of a *Cairan* boatman.

OUR Father's brow was cold; his eye
Gazed on his warriors heavily;
Pangs thick and deep his bosom wrung,
Silence was on the noble tongue;
Then writhed the lip, the final throe
That freed the struggling soul below.

He died!--Upon the desert gale
Shoot up his eagle shafts to sail.
He died!--Upon the desert-plain
Fling loose his camel's golden rein.
He died!--No other voice shall guide
O'er stream or sand its step of pride.

Whose is the hand that now shall rear,
Terror of man, the Sheik's red spear?
Lives there the warrior on whose brow
His turban's vulture-plume shall glow?
He's gone, and with our Father fell
Thy sun of glory, Ishmael!

From the Manuscript Journal of a late traveller
in Egypt.

From the Literary Gazette.

IDYL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

(From an unpublished volume of Original Poetry and Translations.)

WHEN o'er the surface of the dark green
seas,
With gentlest motion steals the rippling breeze:
While pleasing tremors agitate my mind,
The Muse I shun, to placid ease inclin'd.
But when the whitening surge like thunder
roars,
And the curv'd wave aloft impetuous soars,
I flee the terrors of the troubled main,
And turn my eyes to fields and woods again.
Safe o'er the land I then delight to rove,
And seek the shelter of the shadowy grove;
Where the full gust a constant murmur keeps,
And through the pine's close foliage whistling
sweeps.
Evil and toilsome is the fisher's lot,
The luckless tenant of a fragile boat:
Doom'd o'er the deep to take his dangerous
way,
And oft, in vain, pursue his finny prey.
Mine be the fate to sink in calm repose,
Where a deep shade the broad-leav'd plane-
tree throws.
Near may a murm'ring fount my senses charm,
With sound so soft the rustic's breast t' alarm.

From the Monthly Review, Oct. 1817.

ANACREONTIC.

[From a volume of Poems, just published.]

BY ARTHUR BROOKE, ESQ.

TELL me not how fair she seemed,
Nor how her glances mildly beamed,
Nor tell me how her bosom's swell
Warmly rose and softly fell,
For not on me those glances turned,
And not for me that bosom burned;
And not a sigh that heaved its snows
For me in kind remembrance rose.
But did a sympathetic flow
Equal in either bosom glow;
Did feeling with a very twine
Connect her gentle heart to mine,
Oh long, my friend, would be thy task
To answer all that love would ask.
Every changing charm desiring,
Every word, each look requiring,
On whom she bent her melting gaze,
Who led her through the dancing maze,
What chosen wreath her temples graced,
What envied zone her form embraced,
The hue of every robe she wore,
And oh! a thousand questions more
That long indeed would be thy task
To answer all that love would ask.

DIRGE
ON THE FUNERAL OF THE
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

BY J. F. M. DOVASTON, ESQ.

Mwynen Gwynedd—(The Melody of North Wales,) Welsh Air, harmonized.

TOLL, Britain, toll
Thy knell the deepest,
Peace to thy soul,
Fair Saint, that sleepest.
Veil thy valour-blazon'd throne,
Where olive rich with laurel shone,
It's glory's now with willows strown,
United nations spread them.
Cambria's triple plume of snow,
That danc'd in Joy's elastic flow,
With heavy teardrops glimmers low,
United nations shed them.

O'er Albion's bier
Mourn, while ye show'r it,
Her roses there,
Both flow'r and flow'ret.
Thistle, bend thy blossoms red;
Thy pearly dew-drops, Shamrock, shed;
And, neighbour Lily, bow thy head,
With long long farewell greet her;
Drooping wail her obsequies,
Then up and hail her to the skies,
And hope another bud may rise,
But never hope a sweeter.

Oh! England's rose
Oh! hope's presuming;
Both these and those
We're now entombing.
Mind of Freedom, heart of Worth,
To glow at Altar, Helm, or Hearth,
With all that promis'd Peace on earth,
To thee was largely given.
When on high, in happier day,
We lift the laudatory lay,
Or blessings on thy people pray,
We'll think on thee in Heaven.
Nov. 1817.

From the Gentleman's Magazine, October 1817.

THE BEE.

By Professor SMYTH.

THOU cheerful Bee! come freely, come,
And travel round my woodbine bower;
Delight me with thy wandering hum,
And rouse me from my musing hour;
Oh! try no more yon tedious fields,
Come taste the sweets my garden yields:
The treasures of each blooming mine,
The bud, the blossom---all are thine!

And, careless of this noon-tide heat,
I'll follow as thy ramble guides;
To watch thee pause, and chafe thy feet,
And sweep them o'er thy downy sides:
Then in a flower's bell nestling lie,
And all thy envied ardonr ply;
Then o'er the stem, tho' fair it grow,
With touch rejecting, glance, and go.

O Nature kind! O labourer wise!
That roam'st along the summer's ray,
Glean'st every bliss thy life supplies,
And meet'st prepar'd thy wintery day!
Go, envied go---with crowded gates,
The hive thy rich return awaits;
Bear home thy store, in triumph gay,
And shame each idler of the day!

From the Naval Chronicle, Sept. 1817.

We make the following extract from *Phrosyne*, a Grecian Tale, from the elegant pen of H. Gally Knight, Esq. just published, and wish our limits would permit us to give one from *Alastar*, an Arabian Tale, contained in the same volume, and equally interesting.

PHROSYNE.---A GRECIAN TALE.

GRECIA! though on thy heaven-deserted shore
The virtues rest, and Freedom smiles no more;
From Paphian groves, and Pindus' beech-clad head,
Though ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace be fled---
Still glow the embers of thy fan'ral pyre
With fitful heat and momentary fire;
Still from the ashes springs a passing flame,
Proof and memorial of thy earlier fame:
Last sacred rays! that grace thee once again,
And teach the muse to wake the living strain.

Thron'd on a height, above th' Albanian lands,
The Grecian city, Callihete, stands---
Parent of hardy sons! who long withstood
The rushing torrents of the Othman flood;
And still, protected by their rocks, retain
Blessings unknown to Grecians of the plain.
No turban'd soldier, with insulting frown
Stalks thro' their streets, nor awes the trembling town:
Respected still, th' unviolated right,
Grecians alone possess the Grecian height:
Still their own archons rule the little state,
Improve the laws, and guard the city's fate;
Still the loud bell, resounding thro' the air,
Proclaims the worship, and invites to pray'r;
And Liberty's and Pleasure's evening ray
Still on the favour'd mountain lov'd to play.

Yearly the youthful of that hardy band,
At Summer's call, desert their native land;
Traders, or Sailors, o'er the neigh'bring main
They rove, and brave the danger for the gain.
Hence wealth is theirs, to other Greeks unknown;
Hence ampler minds, enlarged by these alone.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

Upon a Fly that flew into a Lady's Eye, and there lay buried in a Tear.

[From an old Author---Qu. who?]

POOOR envious soul! what couldst thou see
In that bright orb of purity?
That active globe? that twinkling sphere
Of beauty, to be meddling there?
Or didst thou foolishly mistake
The glowing morn in that day-break?
Or was't thy pride to mount so high
Only to kiss the Sun, and die?
Or didst thou think to rival all
Don Phaëton and his great fall?
And in a richer sea of brine
Drown Icarus again in thine?
'Twas bravely aim'd, and, which is more,
Th' hast sunk the fable o'er and o'er.
For in this single death of thee
Th' hast bankrupt all Antiquity.

O had the fair Egyptian Queen
Thy glorious monument but seen,
How had she spar'd what Time forbids,
The needless tott'ring Pyramids!

And in an emulative chafe
Have begg'd thy shrine her epitaph ?
Where, when her aged marble must
Resign her honour to the dust,
Thou might'st have canonized her,
Deceased Time's Executor ?

To rip up all the Western bed
Of spices where Sol lays his head,
To squeeze the Phoenix and her nest
In one perfume that may write best,
Then blend the gallery of the skies
With her seraglio of eyes,
T' embalm a name, and raise a tomb
The miracle of all to come,
Then, then compare it : Here's a gem
A pearl must shame and pity them.
An amber drop, distilled by
The sparkling limbeck of an eye,
Shall dazzle all the short essays
Of rubbish worth and shallow praise.

We strive not then to prize that tear,
Since we have nought to poise it here.
The world's too light. Hence, hence, we cry,
The world, the world's not worth a fly.

From the Monthly Review, Oct. 1817.

SELECTIONS FROM THE IDYLS OF GESNER,
TRANSLATED INTO VERSE.

[Just published.]

To those who love pastoral poetry, and the whole gentle class of composition connected with it, these selections afford a portion of their favourite entertainment. One of the best attempts in the book is

THE NAVIGATION.

SMOOTH glides the vessel which to distant shores
Conveys the lovely nymph my heart adores.
Zephyr, thy freshest, fairest breeze supply :
Around the bark, young Cupids hovering fly ;
If on the deck the cooling air she courts,
Sea-gods ! delight her with your frolic-sports ;
When her soft eyes decline upon the sea,
'Tis then, ye gods ! my Zoe thinks on me !
From myrtle labyrinths that fringe the coast,
Pour forth, ye birds ! the strains ye love the most,

By whispering breezes to her ear conveyed,
Entice my Zoe to your vocal shade.
Sea ! may thy slightest billows calm subside ;
Ne'er to thy shore did ocean's god confide,
Ne'er did thy waves a freight more precious bear,

A form more lovely, or a face more fair ;
The sunbeam on thy brilliant plain displayed
Glow's less resplendent than the peerless maid ;
Not Paphos Queen could rarer charms disclose
When from thy bosom's glitt'ring foam she rose,

And floating radiant on her silvery shell,
The enchanted Tritons, fixed by Beauty's spell,
Forsook their rush-crown'd nymphs and coral caves,

And, light disporting on thy glassy waves,
The Nereids' smiles and frowns disdainful viewed,

And plunged in ecstasy her course pursued,
Till from their gaze the pearly car conveyed
The blooming goddess to th' embowering shade.

Report says this work is the production of a lady of fashion.

From the Literary Gazette, Oct. 25, 1817.

THE GRAVE OF THE CONVICT.

[From the Poem just published, under the above title.]

MORN, sweetly blushing, leaves her dewy bed,
Air's thousand tongues her welcome advent tell ;

But, hark, from yonder mansion of the dead
Why tolls so dismally the village bell ?

It was not wont thus to appal my ear,
As, with the dawn, I oft have hail'd its chime.
Or oft, at eventide, have linger'd near
To count each stroke, that mark'd the flight of time.

But now, through wood and glen, with heavy sound,
Its long dull echoes load the morning breeze,
That seems in sighs to ask the hills around,
“ When heard ye e'er such sickening notes as these ? ”

For none before this peaceful vale had known,
Save such as speak the fleeting hour the while,
Or such as summon, with their solemn tone,
The neighb'ring hamlet to yon sacred pile ;

Or, haply, save some more impressive chime,
That greets the parted spirit to its home ;
But ne'er before, through long-remembered time,
Such sound as this had left yon village dome.

But hark again ! it is the convict's knell,
The warning voice of death—and lo ! 'tis past ;
Now child of sorrow, quit thy prison-cell,
Thy cup of bitterness to drain at last.

A few short moments make thy life a dream,
Which the oblivious dawn hath chased away ;
Yet, as the vision flies, perchance a gleam
Shall turn the coming prospect into day.

From the Literary Gazette, Nov. 15, 1817.

SIR,

If Pulei should not this week favour you with any of his highly poetical strains, perhaps you would have room to insert, in your interesting paper, the first and feeble chirpings of

J. C. T.

THE sparks that shoot from Beauty's eyes
Kindle a flame within my breast,—
A flame, as bright as that which dyes
The clouds, that swim along the West.

'Tis not the flame the lightning flings
In livid gleams across the skies,
Which just has time to flash its wings,
Then, in its natal moment, dies.

'Tis not the sun's meridian blaze,
That dries the mournful night's pearl tears ;
Scorch'd by whose hot and glaring rays,
Fair nature's face a languor wears.

O no ! this flame is clear and bright,
(And now I feel it in me burn)
More like the pure and steady light
That flows from Cynthia's silver urn.

The spark was struck by Beauty's eyes,
'Twas fann'd to flame by Beauty's breath ;
Cherish'd by Beauty's love, 'twill rise
And higher burn, till quench'd by death.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

The following little poem has never before appeared in an English dress, nor indeed has the original found its way into this country—it was put into my hands by a friend, together with the Latin manuscript; and will, I doubt not, be considered a curious and interesting document by your literary readers.

R. A. D.—.

LA HOGUE-BYE.

THE ancient monument of La Hogue-Bye, or, as it is now more generally called, La Tour d'Auvergne, is situated in a beautifully romantic spot in the parish of St. Saviour, in the Island of Jersey, and is built upon an artificial mound of earth, raised to such a height as to be easily distinguished from the coast of Normandy, while it commands a delightful and extensive prospect of the greater part of the Island, which, from the number of orchard-grounds, has the appearance of a continued forest. The monument has been kept in a state of preservation, and the grounds tastefully laid out, and planted with a variety of beautiful shrubs.

The incidents related in the annexed little Ballad, are with some variation, grounded upon an old Latin manuscript.

HOGUE-BYE; OR

THE KNIGHT OF HAMBEYA—A Romantic Tale :
Translated from the French by R. A. D.—, Esq.

YON Gothic tow'r, that lifts its head
Above the neighb'ring wood,
In sad memorial of the dead,
Records a deed of blood.

Which oft the swain will lean to hear,
With sad and downcast eye :
The nymph oft shed the tender tear,
And breathe the heart-felt sigh.

In times of ancient chivalry,
When Love and Glory reign'd,
And knights with noble rivalry
Their sacred laws maintain'd ;

A dragon near this peaceful spot
Had fix'd his fell abode ;
And hapless was the pilgrim's lot,
That chanc'd to go that road.

Chill horror seized the country round,
And froze the hearts of men ;
As oft the mangled limbs were found
Hard by the monster's den.

At length the Knight of Hambeya came,
From ancient Neustria's shore,
The country of heroic fame,
Where dwelt our sires of yore.*

The faithful partner of his bed
Implor'd his stay in vain ;
He vow'd to lay the monster dead,
Or ne'er return again.

For fear could not the knight subdue,
At danger wont to smile ;
But prompt at Glory's call he flew
To Cesaréa's† Isle.

Attended by a single page,
The dragon soon he found ;
His eye-balls fired with horrid rage,
And grimly gazing round.

But undismay'd the knight advanced,
And drew his well-strung bow ;
The fatal shaft unerring glanced,
And laid the monster low.

Now agonized upon the earth
The hissing reptile lies,
And foams, and spits his venom forth,
At length exhausted dies !

" May Heaven bless our gallant knight,
And grant him length of days,
Unfading honours ever bright,
And never dying praise."

Thus sang the shepherds, with delight ;
But who shall tell the fate
That soon befel the hapless knight ?
Who the sad tale relate ?

The faithless page had long desired
His master's virtuous wife ;
And with unhallow'd passion fired,
Was bent against his life.

'Twas at the silent hour of rest,
Unto his couch he crept,
And plunged a dagger in his breast,
As fearlessly he slept.

Th' assassin then, with wicked speed,
His widow'd mistress sought,
And thus disguised the horrid deed
His murd'rous hand had wrought.

" Oh ! Lady fair ! a dismal tale,
Alas ! I'm bound to tell ;
And much it grieves me to reveal
What fate your lord befel.

" Beneath a hellish monster's grasp
The knight resigned his breath ;
Your slave received his latest gasp,
And well revenged his death.

" Now, lady, hear the solemn 'hest
Of your expiring lord ;
' Oh ! bear,'—he cried.—' this last request
To her my soul adored.

" Tell her, the fiend you nobly slew
That robbed me of my life ;
And 'tis but to your valour due
That she become your wife."

What terror and surprise now fill'd
The wretched widow's breast !
Her blood became with horror chill'd,
But nought her lips express'd.

At length arriv'd the fated time,
The nuptial garlands bloom ;
Her husband, to avert the crime,
Forth issued from the tomb.

On her accustomed hour of rest
The grisly spectre broke ;
And, pointing to his wounded breast,
These awful accents spoke.

" Oh ! wife, the damned treacherous slave
That would thine honour stain,
Thy husband did of life bereave,
His wicked ends to gain."

He said, and vanished from her sight,
Like mists of morning grey ;
But Justice with a heavenly light
Beamed forth upon the day.

Which saw the wicked traitor seized,
And to the scaffold borne,
His master's restless shade appeased,
His mistress saved from scorn.

Beneath yon consecrated mound,
Raised by his weeping spouse,
The knight was laid in depth profound,
Within the narrow house.

Which ceaseless from the coast opposed
She viewed with aching sight ;
Till Death at last her eye-lids closed
In everlasting night.

* The Island of Jersey, previous to the conquest, composed a part of the Dukedom of Normandy.

† Cesaréa is the ancient name of Jersey.

Now, here, released from earthly care,
Entombed together, rest
The fondest,---bravest,---gentlest pair,
That ever true love blest.
Fell oft by shepherd passing by
Along the silent vale,

A mournful sound is heard to sigh
In murmurs on the gale.
And often, to this very day,
The simple swains believe
Their flitting ghosts are seen to stray
On the green turf at eve.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES,

INVENTIONS, IMPROVEMENTS, HISTORICAL AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, NECROLOGY, &c.

From the London Monthly Magazines.

QUEEN OF SCOTS RING.

THE original diamond ring of Mary Queen of Scots, upon which are engraved the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, *quartered*, and which was produced in evidence at the trial of the unfortunate Mary, as a proof of her pretensions to the Crown of England, was in the possession of the late Mr. Blachford, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, at the time of his death. The history of this fatal ring is curious. It descended from Mary to her grandson Charles I. who gave it, on the scaffold, to Abp. Juxon, for his son Charles II. who, in his troubles, pawned it in Holland for 300*l.* where it was bought by Governor Yale, and sold at his sale for 320*l.* supposed for the Pretender. Afterwards it came into possession of the Earl of Ha, Duke of Argyle, and probably from him to the family of Mr. Blachford; at the sale of whose effects it was said to have been purchased for the Prince Regent.

FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

Died at Constantinople, of consumption, aged about 50, the Sultana Valide, mother of the Grand Seignior. According to the Mahometan usage, she was interred the same day. The Grand Vizier, the Ministers, and the Dignitaries of the Porte, accompanied the funeral procession. The event is matter of great affliction to the Grand Seignior, who was most tenderly attached to his mother. She had never exercised the least influence in State affairs. All her property, the annual income of which amounts to a million of piastres, devolves on the Grand Seignior. The Sultana was a Creole, born at Martinique, of respectable parents. On her voyage to France, for the purpose of education, the merchant vessel on board of which she was a passenger, was captured by an Algerine Corsair, and she became a slave at Algiers. The French Consul offered to ransom her; but she refused her consent, in consequence of an old Negress having predicted to her that she would become one of the greatest Princesses in the world; and notwithstanding all the entreaties of her relations, she persisted in abandoning herself to her fate. The prediction of the Negress was singularly fulfilled. The Sultana is said to have been a beautiful woman, and of fascinating manners.

CAPTAIN TUCKEY.

The late Capt. Tuckey, who fell a victim of the expedition to Congo, was the youngest son of Thomas Tuckey, esq. of the county of Cork. On the breaking out of the war in 1793, he was appointed midshipman in the *Suffolk*, of 74 guns; shortly after made master's mate, and was present at the capture of the Spice Islands. In 1803 he was selected to be first lieutenant of the *Calcutta*, of 50 guns, which ship carried out convicts to form a new settlement in New South Wales, and after landing the convicts he was employed in various surveys of the coast, which, together with his

account of the voyage, was afterwards published. On the return of this ship to England she was refitted, and ordered to St. Helena; but in September 1805, within a few hours' sail of Cape Clear, he fell in with the Rochfort squadron, with which he maintained an unequal conflict long enough to enable the *Indiamen* and convoy to escape. The *Calcutta* was taken to Rochelle, and her crew were sent prisoners to Verdun, where Captain Tuckey remained until the peace. On his return to England he was promoted to be a commander, and was shortly afterwards selected to command the unfortunate expedition to Africa, where he died. During his residence in France, he compiled a work, lately published, entitled, "*Maritime Geography*."

PATENT BLACKING.

To the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*.

Sir,---Throughout Europe the English are ridiculed as the easy and willing dupes of quackery; and it is a well-known fact, that in this country, whatever is most advertised will sell the best, with very little reference to its intrinsic merit. I am led to this observation from observing the injurious effects of all the modern liquid blackings, in which the acid elixir of vitriol forms so leading an ingredient. It very soon destroys the oily property in the leather, on which its support and flexibility depends; and prepares it for the absorption of wet, by giving it a dry and parched surface, which will shine with little trouble, and crack with little wear. So completely is the oily property in leather neutralized and destroyed by the vitriol contained in all the liquid blackings, that the upper leathers of shoes now absorb all the rain that falls on them, and wear out sooner than the soles.

I trouble you with this in the hope that some among your numerous readers may be able to communicate a receipt for making blacking, which will communicate a shining black, preserve the leather instead of destroying it, and enable it to throw off the rain, at one quarter the expense of the destructive blackings now in general use. S. D.

FOOD PRESERVED IN SEA VOYAGES.

A new method is now proposed for that important object, and a patent obtained for it. The principle is Pressure; by means of which the double object of space and preservation is gained. The inventor is a captain in the Swedish navy.

ARTIFICIAL CONGELATION.

New theories of Chemistry and Geology may now be expected to start up from the recent discoveries of Professor Leslie, whose frigorific process by *absorption* surpass in rapidity and power any thing that *evaporation* can produce. He has lately ascertained that the congealing power is not confined to the absorbent earths, particularly the porphyritic trap, but that *oatmeal* is capable of producing

the same effects, by spreading about two quarts of it on a large dish and putting it in an exhausted receiver, when it will freeze nearly a pint of water in a few minutes; the latter being in a pot of porous earthenware.

The fact itself is valuable not only to confectioners and private families at home, but also the residents in the hottest climes. The absorbent powder recovers all its qualities, after operation, if dried in the sun, or before a fire.

THE ATMOSPHERE AT DIFFERENT SEASONS.

M. Theodore de Saussure has published the result of a number of experiments to determine the relative proportion of carbonic acid in the atmosphere during summer and winter. His method was to fill a large glass globe with the air to be examined, and to put into it a quantity of barytes water. The carbonic acid in the air was determined by the quantity of carbonate of barytes formed. In winter 10,000 parts of air in volume gave a mean of 4.79 parts of carbonic acid gas in 10,000 measures of air. In summer 10,000 measures of air gave a mean of 7.13 parts of carbonic acid gas in 10,000 measures of air.

NEEDLE-WORK BY MACHINES.

A Tyrolian has lately invented at Vienna a machine for Needle-work, by which it is said every kind of sewing may be executed with the utmost precision. The Emperor of Austria has granted a patent to the inventor. Should these mechanical perfections make much farther advancement, every thing in the world will shortly be executed by machines.

THE ELEPHANT'S TRIP TO THE FAIR.

The elephant formerly in the menagerie of the king of Wirtemberg, and since purchased by a private individual, recently made a whimsical *escapade* on his way from Dresden to the fair of Leipsic. About day-break, he succeeded in removing the beams that confined him within his moving prison, walked off unobserved by his keeper, and quietly took the road to Pirna, whilst the poor keeper and his caravan took that of Leipsic. Some peasant women on their way to the market of Dresden, observing the enormous animal moving towards them, and having never before seen an elephant, ran off in great consternation, abandoning their carts with provisions of various kinds for the market. The elephant came up, and comfortably regaled himself with a plenteous breakfast of eggs, bread, butter, &c. which he selected with great taste, and even some economy; for, whilst he devoured, he took care to commit no waste. The keeper soon discovered his loss; came back out of temper and out of breath, and easily induced the elephant to return with him for the purpose of edifying the good people at the fair of Leipsic.

YEAST.

The following receipt will produce barm:—infuse malt, and boil it as for beer; in the mean time, soak isinglass, separated to fibres, in small beer. Proportion the quantity of each, of one ounce of isinglass to two quarts of beer: this would suffice for a hogshead of boiled wort, and you may diminish or increase your preparation accordingly. After soaking five minutes, set the beer and isinglass on the fire, stirring till it almost boils: turn it into a dish that will allow beating it up with a syllabub-whisk, to the consistence of yeast, and, when almost cold, put it to the wort.

FEMALE BENEVOLENCE.

A Correspondent of the *Lancaster Gazette* holds up to the imitation of the opulent, the benevolent example of Miss Mason, of Edge

Hill, near *Liverpool*. This lady, at her sole expence, supports a Sunday school of about 60 boys and 40 girls at Cockerham, and a similar establishment at Maghull, seven miles from *Liverpool*. She has likewise a daily school and a resident teacher annexed to her estate at Edge Hill, where from 40 to 50 poor girls are prepared for their entrance into life; and when at the age of 14, she interests herself in procuring them situations.

EXTRACTION OF HEAT.

A German naturalist, named Wertner, thinks he has discovered in light a power of extracting their caloric from bodies, and that by this theory he can make light serve for obtaining every species of congelation. It is to this action that the formation of ice and hail is attributed. Some German Journals think that Wertner's experiments are preparing a revolution in Physics and Chemistry.

LOAVES, BAKED 1700 YEARS AGO.

ITALY.—In the ruins of *Herclaneum* there have lately been found loaves which were baked under the reign of Titus, and which still bear the baker's mark, indicating the quality of the flour, which was probably prescribed by regulation of the police. There have also been found utensils of bronze, which, instead of being tinned like ours, are well silvered. The ancients doubtless preferred this method as more wholesome and more durable.

EXTENT OF THE UNIVERSE.

Considerable *light*, without a *pun*, has been thrown on that subject, by some recent observations of Sir W. Herschell upon the stars, read to the Royal Society. The idea which he reasons upon is the probability that the light emitted by any star, in its effect upon the human eye, is inversely as the square of its distance, when compared with other heavenly bodies. Upon this principle he has drawn up a formula for the purpose of comparison; and, if the assured principle is correct, it thence follows, that the distance of the smallest star visible to the naked eye is twelve times greater than that of a star of the first magnitude.

But that is a trifle, when we consider his further observations upon the milky-way, the stars of which it is composed, being at least 900 times farther distant than stars of the first magnitude in the Heavens. The human mind is lost in wonder and bewildered by such a calculation; yet what is that when we reflect that the whole of Creation, *visible to us*, is but as a mote in a sun-beam, when compared with the existing universe!

INDUSTRY.

A Cornish Newspaper relates the following praiseworthy example of persevering industry, and of the benefit of attaching small pieces of ground to cottages:—Peter Skewes resides at *Blackwater*, in the parish of St. Agnes; he holds a small tenement consisting of about an acre and three quarters of land, the soil of which is naturally sterile. This is divided into two nearly equal plots. One of these he plants with potatoes, and the other he tills to wheat; and so on alternately, every year one of his little fields producing potatoes, and the other wheat. By proper attention in the cultivation, he has, on an average, 80 Cornish bushels of potatoes, and nine of wheat, each season. He keeps two donkeys which graze on the neighbouring common during the summer, and are partly fed on the straw of his wheat in the winter; with these he carries coals, &c. for his neighbours, and collects ma-

nure for his ground. The refuse potatoes, &c. enable him to feed a pig, which, with fish purchased in season, affords all that is required for food, in addition to the produce of his fields and little garden. In this way has Peter Skewes passed the last seven years, and supported a wife and a family, now consisting of six children, not only without parish aid, but with a degree of comfort and independence of which there are not many examples in his situation in life;—he never wants the means of satisfying any demands that are made upon him, whether for parochial assessments, or for supplying the wants of his family.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

A master butcher, of Ipswich, named Beard, for a wager of 10l. undertook to ride his hackney mare, 14 hands high, from Ipswich to London, and back again, a distance of 133 miles, in 19 hours! The barbarous owner, who weighed 10 stone, started from Ipswich at six o'clock in the evening; he reached London at two in the morning, rested about two hours, and arrived in sight of Ipswich, and within half a mile of his own house, twenty five minutes within the time allowed, when the poor animal fell exhausted and soon expired. The following lines were printed and stuck up in various parts of the town of Ipswich the same evening:—

A man of kindness to his beast is kind;
But brutal actions shew a brutal mind:
Remember, He who made thee, made the brute;
Who gave thee speech and reason, form'd him mute;
He can't complain; but God's all-seeing eye
Beholds thy cruelty; he hears his cry.
He was designed thy servant, not thy drudge;
But know—that his Creator is thy Judge!

ENCOURAGEMENT TO POPULATION.

The corporation of Norwich have voted a piece of plate, value 25 guineas, to Dr. Rigby and his lady, as a memento of the birth at one time of their four children: the event is to be recorded in the city books, and inscribed with the names of the children on the plate.—Dr. Rigby is a great grandfather, and probably never before were born, at one birth, three great uncles and a great aunt—such being the relationship between the abovementioned parties and the infant son of John Bawtree, esq. of Colchester.

ROADS.

Mr. Blaikie, agricultural steward to Mr. Coke, of Holkham, has written a letter on the subject of road-making, in which, after ably discussing the merits of concave and convex roads, and strongly recommending the inclined plane in their formation, he maintains that three loads of riddled gravel will be more efficacious in repairing roads than six loads of unriddled, consequently half the carriage would be saved by using the former.

HIGHLAND FIRMNESS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir—The narrative from Batavia, New York, relative to Artemas Shutack having separated his foot from the ancle, to extricate himself from the risk of expiring suspended from a tree, where the foot had been imprisoned, has been by many treated as fabulous—as excess of pain would probably suspend the functions of nature, or loss of blood wholly exhaust them. But medical gentlemen, who have served with the peninsular army, have given it as their opinion, that, by firmly tying a handkerchief or any ligature round the leg, a great hemorrhage would be prevented, and sense of

pain deadened. I am at all times anxious to authenticate instances of fortitude under bodily anguish—the most ennobling and decisive proof of the superiority a human soul can maintain over its earthly tenement; and have therefore been anxious to vindicate the resolution of Artemas Shutack.

A very singular proof of man's firmness was displayed by a Highland gentleman last June:—He underwent the dreadful operation for the stone without uttering a complaint; and, when laid in bed, requested the doctor's leave to sing his favourite Gaelic hunting song. The patient was past seventy years of age when he underwent the operation, and in six weeks was angling at a rivulet near his house. Let the scoffers at immorality consider how invaluable is the hope of a better life! B. G.

COCOA OIL.

At the suggestion of Mr. Hoblyn, of Sloane Street, a quantity of cocoa-nut oil has recently been introduced in this country from the Island of Ceylon. It has been ascertained that this oil may be very advantageously employed as a substitute for spermaceti oil, as it is considerably cheaper, burns with a clear, bright flame, and is free from smell or smoke. It will be found useful also in the manufacture of soap, candles, and the finer articles of perfumery, and is likely to become a source of great revenue in Ceylon, and of great importance to this country. Soap made with it costs about ten per cent. more than tallow soap.

POISON OF VIPERS.

Professor Mangili has made some experiments with a view to clear up the question respecting the danger or innocence of the poison of vipers when introduced immediately into the stomach. Young blackbirds were made to swallow the venom of three, four, five, and six vipers. For about an hour they appeared languid and heavy, but then recovered their usual vivacity. One of the assistants convinced by these experiments, swallowed the poison of four large vipers without being in the least affected; and the venom of seven large vipers was taken by one pigeon, and that of ten by another, with impunity. From other experiments the Professor has demonstrated the error of Fontana's assertion, that the dry poison does not preserve its venomous properties longer than nine months, and proves, that when kept with proper care, it may retain them many years.

INVASION BY INSECTS.

The Empire of Russia has been threatened during the present season with an invasion, in which the forces altho' not so formidable as those employed in the invasion by Bonaparte, are not less numerous and daring. In the circle of Mostock immense quantities of grasshoppers, and in the environs of the city of Bobro immense swarms of worms destroyed vegetation. Their number increased like locusts, every means to destroy them was attempted without success; at length a solemn procession was made and holy water sprinkled. The next day a cloud of ravens and other birds arrived, who ate up all the worms in a few days!

EXPERIMENTS WITH SUGAR.

M. Majendie lately fed a dog upon sugar and distilled water. In about a fortnight it became lean: on the twenty-first day an ulcer appeared in the centre of the cornea of each eye, which gradually increased, penetrated the cornea, and the humours of the eye ran out: the leanness continually increased, the animal lost its strength, and died on the thirty-second day. A second and third dog, fed

likewise upon *sugar* and water, shared a similar fate. Two dogs fed upon *olive oil* and water died on the thirty-sixth day, with precisely the same phenomena, except the ulceration in the cornea. Several dogs were fed with *gum* and water: their fate was precisely the same. A dog fed on *butter* died on the thirty-sixth day, with precisely the same phenomena.---From these experiments it is obvious, that none of these articles are capable of nourishing dogs; and hence we may infer, that they are incapable of nourishing man.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

The length of stonework, within the abutments, is, from one river bank to the other, 1240 feet, whose harmonizing straight line, running parallel with the river, or water-line through it, gives it that simple elegance and grandeur which is not equalled by any work of this description in Europe. The length, or gentle incline of plane from St. George's Fields, to obtain the summit of the Bridge, is 1250 feet and carried on partly by a mound of earth and brick arches. The length, from the North shore, from the abutment to the Strand, is 400 feet; the road principally carried over on brick arches, and almost directly level with the former. The total length of the Bridge, with its approaches, from the Strand to St. George's Fields, is 2890 feet. The span of the nine stone arches over the river, all of which are of equal dimensions, is 120 feet each. The width of the Bridge, within the balustrades, is 42 feet, divided on each side by a footway of 7 feet, leaving the carriage road 28 feet. The number of brick, or dry arches, on the South shore, is 40; and on the North, or Strand side, is 16. So that the total number of arches which have been carried over, for the completion of this grand work, is 65. The whole of the exterior of the Bridge is executed with durable Cornish moor-stone.

THE COLLEGE OF THE LONDON INSTITUTION.

(With an Engraving.)

This literary Institution was established about ten years since, somewhat on the plan of the Royal Institution, but adapted to the accommodation of the City, and the east end of London. The spirit of the managers soon raised it to distinction by their liberal purchases of valuable books; and its library has, in consequence, been long known as one of the most valuable in the metropolis. The same public spirit determined the managers to erect a building worthy of their library, and of the honours which literature ought to enjoy in this great metropolis; and, accordingly, they availed themselves of the removal of Bethlem Hospital, and of the projected improvements in Lower Moorfields, and fixed upon that site for an erection. It is so placed, that, when a projected new street is finished from Moorfields to the Mansion-house, that structure will fill the eye at one end, and this building at the other. The foundation of the splendid and classical edifice of the new college was laid November 1815 in the Amphitheatre, Moorfields, on the spacious plot of ground, which has been purchased of the City for the purpose.

The following song was sung at the dinner given on this occasion.

To the pow'rs that above rule the nations below,
The Queen of all Cities thus pour'd forth her spirit:—
"O! crown'd with all honour that Fame can bestow,
"Wealth, Freedom, firm courage, and Virtue's bright merit,

"When yet may I trace, through my highfavour'd race,
"That mind, in its progress, with splendour keeps pace,
"And view some fair fane, in whose shades they may yoke
"The ivy of Science with Commerce's oak?"

Heav'n heard and assented; and *Thames*, on his banks,
Soon mark'd a new impulse, a mental vibration.

"Rise! Rise! awful Mansion!" pervaded all ranks;
And hand join'd with hand, to lay firm its foundation.

Lo! *Carrington* calls!—courts, colleges, halls,
With rival rejoicings salute the new walls,
And bless the fair pile where young *Genius* may yoke
The ivy of Science with Commerce's oak.

O! *Pride* of the City that governs the world!

Thus honour'd at birth as befits thy high station;
Wide, wide spread thy fame, where'er sail is unfurl'd,
Enduring as Time, o'er the bounds of creation.

While *Virtue* shall please, or sweet *Solace* give ease,
Or *Britain* triumphant, command earth and seas;
May age after age, in thy haunts, learn to yoke,
The ivy of Science with Commerce's oak.

The length of this noble building, so creditable in all respects to Mr. W. Brooks, the Architect, is to be 108 feet, exclusive of the wings, each of which extends 16 feet. The ground-floor contains an entrance-hall, decorated with columns and pilasters, and communicates with a news-room, and pamphlet-room, in front, and a committee-room, clerk's office, &c. behind. In a projecting building, at the end of the entrance-hall, is the great staircase, leading to a library 97 feet long and 42 wide, with a gallery on each side, and lighted by a double range of windows. An entrance of the first landing of the great staircase leads into a hexagon vestibule, immediately communicating with the theatre or lecture room, 63 feet by 44. Private staircases communicate with the librarian's apartments, additional library, observatory, &c. &c.

DR. JUNG-STILLING.

A death is announced in a Swiss Journal, with the following character of the deceased:

Dr. Jung-Stilling was celebrated throughout Germany for his numerous writings and his piety which in course of time degenerated into *illumism*. In his youth, he followed the trade of a tailor, and afterwards that of a teacher: he then became successively a physician, a moralist, a religious writer, a journalist, a political economist, a visionary, a naturalist, and an excellent oculist. He successfully cured, by surgical operation, two hundred poor people who were afflicted with cataracts. He firmly believed in the existence of Ghosts, and wrote a book, in which he seriously explained his doctrine. In his Journal, the *Grey Man*, he prophesied that the *Antichrist* would appear within the forty years of the present century. His works have been much read in Germany, because he wrote with simplicity and interest, and possessed the great art of accommodating his style to all classes of society.

INSCRIPTION

from a large grave-stone lately erected in the Churchyard of St. Nicholas, Warwick:

"Beneath this stone, in one grave, lie interred the remains of OLIVER NEWBY, aged 38, late a private in the Warwick-shire Militia; of REBECCA his wife, aged 42; and of JAMES, their only child, aged 12, who were all suffocated in the night of Nov. 19, 1815, by the fumes of burning coal, which they had incautiously placed, on retiring to rest, in their chamber. This monument to the memory of a

brave Associate in Arms is erected by a few of his military comrades, in testimony of their high respect for his character as a good soldier, and an honest man; and with the ardent hope of holding forth, in the awful death of three unfortunate sufferers, a salutary caution to the living. Reader! if ignorant, be instructed;—if instructed, be warned, by the melancholy event recorded on this stone: and use your utmost endeavours to inform your fellow-creatures that the sure and dreadful consequence of breathing *contaminated air*, arising from burning fuel in confined apartments, is *instantaneous suffocation*."

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

July 10, 1817, died at Northumberland House, in his 75th year, his Grace Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, Earl and Baron Percy, Baron Warkworth, Lucy, Poyntings, Fitzpayne, &c. His Grace early adopted the military profession, and served under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick in the Seven Years war. On the commencement of hostilities between the mother country and her colonies, he was sent to America, where he commanded at the battle of Lexington in 1775, and essentially contributed, in November of the following year, to the reduction of Fort Washington near New-York. Soon after his return to England this Nobleman was fixed upon as a fit person to be placed at the head of the commission appointed to negotiate with the Colonies; but this service he is said to have declined, because the ministers refused his application for one of the blue ribands which then happened to be vacant. After this he for some time represented the city of Westminster, in Parliament, till, on the demise of his father in 1786, he succeeded to the family honours and estates. His Grace has not since been actively engaged in public affairs. His time and attention have been chiefly employed in continuing and completing the improvements begun by his father in the princely mansions of Northumberland House, Sion House, and Alnwick Castle in Northumberland, where, on his extensive domains, upwards of a million of timber and other trees were annually planted for many successive years. The large income of his Grace, estimated at not less than £140,000. *st.* per annum, was expended in these useful pursuits, and in keeping up the antient feudal splendour in the castle of the Percies. During the late war with France he raised, from among his tenantry, a corps of 1500 men, under the denomination of the Percy Yeomanry, the whole being clothed, appointed, paid and maintained by himself; government finding arms and accoutrements alone. To his tenants he was a most excellent landlord. One custom which he introduced among them was that of providing for the industrious of every large farm, by giving them a cottage and ten acres of land. In ready money his Grace was for many years considered the most wealthy man in England, which he often employed in rescuing industrious families from ruin. His estates were let at 10s. per acre less than any in the same county. His Grace was perhaps long the only nobleman in England who kept up the antient feudal splendour—his castle, the public days, the Percy Yeomanry, commanded by his son Lord Percy, all denoted this; and he was usually met by 2 or 3000 of the inhabitants of the county on going to his residence.

At the Duke's funeral his numerous domestics were in new mourning, the hearse was drawn by six beautiful black horses, ornamented with plumes, escutcheons, &c. Forty

horsemen attended the Bannerols and Banners. Eight mourning coaches, with 6 horses and 4 pages to each, followed by the Duke's carriage, and 28 carriages, mostly with 6 horses, the servants wearing mourning, proceeded to St. Nicholas's Chapel where the interment took place in the family vault.

CHARLES MESSIER.

This celebrated astronomer, a member of most of the great academies of Europe, a member of the French Institute and of the Board of Longitude, died at Paris in April last at the age of 87 years. He was born at Badonvilliers in Lorraine, and having early devoted himself to the study of astronomy, became the pupil and confidant of the celebrated Delisle. When the return of Halley's famous comet was expected, all the astronomers of Paris looked up for its discovery to Delisle, who had read to them a memoir on the most proper means for facilitating that important observation. Delisle committed the business to his pupil, who soon verified the correctness of the prediction. This good fortune, the result of long and tedious time, might have obtained great credit for a young man, and have in time opened for him the doors of the Academy. From a weakness, however, unworthy a man of science, Messier's master wished to reserve for himself the honour of having confirmed the return and perfected the theory of the comet. He accordingly commanded secrecy, and refused to shew the observations of his pupil, till the astronomers, having received information from another quarter, were able to dispense with that assistance, which two months before they would have gratefully accepted. Some portion of the censure incurred by the master fell upon the too-compliant pupil, whose observations, which for want of an object of comparison could not possess the same accuracy, or inspire the same confidence, were long rejected. M. Messier was not discouraged; he became only the more assiduous in watching the movements of the heavenly bodies. Almost all the comets that appeared during the succeeding years were discovered by him alone, and each of these discoveries procured him admission into some foreign academy. Two astronomical vacancies having taken place in the French Academy, Messier and Cassini were admitted on the same day in 1770, as Lalande and Legendre were in 1758.

Accustomed to pass whole nights in observing eclipses of every kind, in seeking comets and describing nebulae; employing all his days in following the spots on the sun, or making charts of his numerous observations, Messier could never be induced to quit this rather narrow circle, alledging that the field of science was sufficiently extensive for the astronomers to share its different parts, which would thus be but the better cultivated. Moderate in his desires and in his ambition, and connected by the closest friendship with the President Saron, who entrusted him with his most valuable instruments, Messier had no occasion for wealth. The revolution deprived him of all his resources at once; the first retrenchment took from him the moderate salary attached to his place of astronomer to the navy; his friend Saron, the last chief president of the parliament of Paris, fell beneath the revolutionary axe; and Messier, in order to be able to prosecute his labours, was necessitated to go every morning to one of his colleagues to replenish the lamp that had served him in his nocturnal observations. The storm was fortunately but transient. Ashamed of the excesses into which

it had been led, the Convention shewed more liberality to the sciences. Messier found in the Institute and at the Board of Longitude a comfort and independence to which he had been a stranger, and which he enjoyed undisturbed till the end of his life. After sixty years devoted to his profession he became blind like Erasthenes, Galileo, and D. Cassini.

One of his colleagues, the celebrated Lalande, has formed a constellation in honour of him—the only one that yet bears the name of an astronomer. But independently of this homage paid by friendship, the name of Messier will last as long as the science, as long as the catalogue of the comets in which his name has been so frequently and so honourably inscribed. The world is indebted to him for the discovery of nineteen comets from 1758 to 1800. Few astronomers more profoundly studied, or were better acquainted with the heavens than Messier; his name and his labours are conspicuous in the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences since 1752, the *Connaissance des Temps*, the Ephemerides of Vienna, the Philosophical Transactions, the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences of Berlin, and other collections. He edited in association with the learned Pingré, the Voyage of the Marquis of Courtenvaux, Paris, 1768, 4to.

FEMALE PROFESSOR.

At Bologna, to the great regret of her fellow-citizens, in her 58th year, the illustrious female, Madame Clotilde Tambroni, pupil of Don Manuel Aponte. Profoundly versed in the study of Grecian literature, she was placed in her youth by the Pontifical Government among the Professors of the University of Bologna, a place which she has always maintained. A monument is to be erected to her memory.

COL. MELLISH.

Every life contains some useful precept, and every human circumstance has its moral. This purpose cannot fail to be fulfilled in contemplating the life of Colonel Mellish. Very few persons in England have filled a larger space in the public notice than the above gentleman; and it was not confined to one class or to another, but every part of society had known, seen, or heard of Colonel Mellish. There were few things which he had not attempted, and nearly as few in which he had not eminently succeeded. To him the words of the Roman Orator might well have been applied:

"Nihil erat quod non tetigit: et quod tetigit, non ornavit."

Col. Mellish was the son of Mr. Mellish, of Blythe, near Doncaster, in Yorkshire, from whom he inherited the large mansion and estate around it, situated at the village of Blythe. At an early age Col. Mellish was sent to a public school, where the ardency of his temper, and the uncontrollable nature of his mind, were found very difficult for a master to manage. His abilities, however, were such, that he had acquired a sufficient acquaintance with the classics to qualify him for any line he might have chosen to adopt, and which he afterwards evinced in the different pursuits which he followed. He became an officer in the 11th regiment of Light Dragoons, from which he afterwards removed into the Prince's own regiment, the 10th Hussars.

Shortly after this period, Col. Mellish came into the full command of his property, before the attainment of years and discretion had enabled him to manage it. Nature, however, seemed to have qualified him for taking a lead in every thing, and to have given him a tempe-

rament so ardent, as made it impossible for him ever "to come-in second."

He distinguished himself upon the Turf; and the best trainers have declared that they never knew a man who so accurately knew the powers, the qualities, and capabilities of the racer, the exact weights he could carry, and the precise distances he could run, so well as Col. Mellish.

But it was not on the Turf alone he thus eminently distinguished himself; he was, in his day, one of the best *Whips* of the time; no man drove four-in-hand with more skill and less labour than he did; and to display that skill, he often selected very difficult horses to drive, satisfied if they were *goers*. As a rider he was equally eminent; he had the art of making a horse do more than other riders; and he accustomed them like himself—"to go at every thing." But at this period, it was not one line of expence that swallowed up his property. The high-bred racer, when winning every thing on the turf, is then satisfied: he is not at the same time a hunter, a hack, or a carriage horse. But Col. Mellish would be every thing at once; he was "at all in the ring;" till, by deep play, by racing, and expences of every kind, and in every place, he made it necessary to have his estate sold, to satisfy the demands which were made upon him.

Col. Mellish was at this time in the Prince Regent's own regiment, the 10th Hussars; and shortly afterwards Gen. Sir Rowland Ferguson appointed him his aid-de-camp, and with him he went to the Peninsula war. A circumstance somewhat whimsical happened at this period. Previous to the battle of Vimeira, as the General Officers were dining together, one of them observed to Sir Rowland Ferguson, that "if the thing were not impossible, he should have declared, from the similitude, he had left that gentleman a week or two ago in the Cockpit at York, and engaged in the main there—his name Mr. Mellish."—"The very same," replied Sir Rowland, "he is now my aid-de-camp; and I think you will say, when you have the opportunity of knowing more of him, a better officer will not be found."—The Duke of Wellington declared a better aid-de-camp than Col. Mellish he had never observed. —After remaining some time with the armies abroad, Col. Mellish returned home, and after that period engaged no more in military duties.

Having married one of the daughters of the Marchioness of Lansdowne, who brought him a very handsome fortune, his circumstances became easy, and he was enabled to indulge in those rural pursuits which appear early and late to have been congenial with his disposition. He had very capital greyhounds, which, during his absence abroad, had been neglected or forgotten; but on his return, from his perfect knowledge in the crossing of breeds, he established a stud of greyhounds equal to any man.

As a breeder of cattle of the improved kinds, he displayed very uncommon judgment; and, short as the time was that was given him for bringing them to perfection, he had done so most completely. At most of the great cattle-shows in the North he had carried off the prizes, and sold some of his sort at as high prices as ever were known. In fact, in every thing he undertook, he had a nice and discriminating taste, an unwearied diligence in research, and a resolution to obtain whatever he saw was excellent in its kind. In addition to this, he was free from prejudice, that great enemy of knowledge; and was of all men the most ready to allow in others what was really good.

In the various ornamental accomplishments of life he was not less admirable. He understood musick, he drew beautifully, and painted well in oil colours; and, as a companion, he was always in spirits, and animated on every subject. His conversation, if not abounding in wit, was ever full of information, not taken up fancifully on theory, but founded on fact and experience. It was impossible to hear him talk on any subject and not go away improved; he had a manner of telling and acting a story that was perfectly dramatic; and as he well knew the tone of polished society, and could adapt himself to the lowest, he never was out of his element. He could talk with the Gentleman, and associate with the Farmer. In one of the beautiful epilogues which Garrick wrote, and spoke at the close of his theatrical life, he observed,

"In five and forty years the spirits cool—
That time is long enough to play the fool."

To such a period Col. Mellish did not live.* The flame of his mind which was never suffered to go out, was too ardent not to consume itself, and to burn the lamp which contained it. In the year prior to his death his constitution was evidently sinking, but his spirits remained unimpaired; and to the latest moments in which he could exercise any activity, he fought up against his disorder, which was a confirmed dropsy, and which, after a painful struggle of two days, terminated his existence.

[* He died at the early age of 37.]

ADMIRAL APLIN.

At Charlton Kings, in his 64th year, Peter Aplin, esq. Admiral of the White. He commenced his naval career at a very early age, and served during the American war as a midshipman on board the *Roe-Buck*, of 44 guns, commanded by Sir A. Hammond, bart. on that station. He received his first promotion from the death of the first lieutenant of that ship whilst forcing a passage past the batteries of Washington and Fort Lee. His subsequent conduct soon attracted the notice of Lord Howe, the commander in chief, who rapidly advanced him to the rank of post-captain, and appointed him to the *Fowey*, of 24 guns, which ship he was obliged eventually to destroy at York Town, then besieged and blockaded by the French and Americans. His conduct in the batteries, where, with his crew, he was appointed to command, drew forth a warm eulogium from Lord Cornwallis, which induced the Admiralty to confirm him in his rank. He next commanded the *Hector*, of 74 guns forming one of the fleet employed in the blockade of Cadiz under Earl St. Vincent. The latter years of his life were past in the domestic circle of his family and friends.

CAZALET,

A counsellor of the royal court at Pau, who died at that city on the 22d April, aged 74, "was (says the *Annales politiques, morales, et littéraires*,) intimate with Voltaire, Rousseau, and d'Alembert. He for a long period carried on a literary correspondence with the patriarch of Ferney. He could never be prevailed upon to print his poetical compositions, which, according to the opinion of the Editor of the *Memorial Bearnais*, would have secured him a distinguished place in the ranks with Parny, Boufflers, and the most pleasing of the minor bards.

He is supposed to be M. Cazalet, advocate, of Pau, the author of "*Les Méprises, ou Lucrèce et Bradamante*," a tale in verse; to which were added "*Des Aveux*," a prose tale,

and the "*Romance of Acteon*," published in 12mo, so long ago as 1777.

COUNT DE CHOISEUL GOUFFIER.

Marie Gabriel Auguste Laurent Count de Choiseul was born in 1752. At the age of twenty-two, he paid his first visit to Greece. The Abbé de Saint Nom and Laborde were then engaged on their *Picturesque Tours* in Naples and Switzerland; that of Le Roy in Greece had appeared; and this kind of publications was then in great vogue. M. de Choiseul Gouffier produced, in 1782, the first volume of his researches, under the title of *Voyage en Grèce*. It is accompanied with well executed engravings, but the designs exhibit in some particulars the formality of the old school. Artists had not yet learned to relish and imitate the antique style. The monuments of architecture, measured and drawn with care, form the most important part of this first volume. This magnificent undertaking justly obtained admission for its author into the Academy of Belles-Lettres in 1779; and in 1784 he became a member of the French Academy. Chandler, Stuart, and many other travellers have since visited Greece, and have proved that this first volume of M. de Choiseul's, composed amidst the agitation of the capital, contains some inaccuracies and even errors.

In 1784 he was sent as ambassador to Constantinople. He took with him the Abbé Lechevalier, a literary man, M. Cassas, a draughtsman, and also a poet, the Abbé Delille, who, a new Orpheus, seemed destined to celebrate the expedition. M. de Choiseul obtained all possible facilities for the success of his undertaking. He had firmans for himself and his attendants. He caused casts to be taken of the metopes of the Temple of Minerva, representing the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. He sent the persons who accompanied him to explore different parts of Greece, and even to Ionia and Syria. But an oversight had well nigh proved fatal to his enterprize at the very outset. The preliminary address contained an invitation to the Greeks to break their chains and to render themselves worthy of their ancestors. M. de Choiseul who had a printing office in his palace, caused the page containing the obnoxious passage to be quickly reprinted, and declared the other copies to be spurious. We shall leave the reader to pass his own judgment on this political falsehood.

At the period of the revolution M. de Choiseul sent to the National Assembly the sum of 24,000 francs from the French residing at Constantinople; and though he did not mention the circumstance it was known that he had himself contributed one half. The constitutional government appointed him in 1791 ambassador to England, but he remained at Constantinople and corresponded with the King and Princes alone. This correspondence, being intercepted in 1792, produced a decree for his arrest. Upon this M. de Choiseul quitted Constantinople and proceeded to Russia, where the Empress Catherine gave him the most generous welcome and granted him a pension. On the accession of Paul I. he was appointed a privy counsellor and director of the Academy of Arts and of the imperial libraries. His connection with Count Cobenzel obliged him to quit the court of Petersburg in 1800. The emperor, however, had previously given him substantial testimonies of his esteem, conferred on him a starostie and effected a match between his son and the Countess Potocka.

In 1802 M. de Choiseul was erased from the list of emigrants, and he returned to France. Here he soon involved himself in quarrels with two of the persons who had accompanied him to Constantinople. M. Lechevalier could not resist the inclination to describe what he had seen in the Troad, and M. Cassas had commenced his splendid *Voyage en Syrie et en Palestine*. Government defrayed the expense of this work, the plates of which were magnificent, and M. Dutheil had composed the text with very great care. M. de Choiseul, irritated that men whom he had taken with him and kept at his expense, should have produced these publications, conceived an animosity against them which nothing could appease. Fortunately the *Voyage dans la Troade* had already appeared, and its author, appointed keeper of a library, was secure from all attack. M. Cassas fared much worse. Judicial prosecution compelled him to relinquish his undertaking.

In 1803 M. de Choiseul became a member of the Institute. He then began to prepare the second volume of his work, but could never be prevailed upon to correct and reprint the first, for fear of reducing its price by making it too common. Twenty years after the first publication appeared the first portion of the second volume, the remainder of which was expected; but from the deliberation with which the author proceeded, and the little time he had to spare for the work, the public would have had to wait long for it even had he lived.

The monuments brought by M. de Choiseul from Greece are not so numerous as the Elgin collection, but several are of high importance. The most valuable are the fine basso relievo of the Parthenon representing a procession, which is at the Museum; the metopes already mentioned; the basso relievo of the dispute between Minerva and Neptune on the subject of giving name to the city of Athens. The inscription underneath contains a statement of the sums expended in the celebration of the festivals of Minerva. It has been learnedly explained by the Abbé Barthelemy. Several other monuments have long been in the Museum of Marseilles. The casts of the metopes and those of the caryatides of the Temple of Panprosa which he employed with taste in the edifice in his garden of Idalia, where he had collected his monuments, are important objects, which the government will doubtless secure. M. de Choiseul had lately kept a very intelligent young artist, M. Dubois, to travel in Greece, whence he had brought him several monuments, and others are still left at Constantinople and in the Morea.

The king, on his return created Count de Choiseul a peer of France, and on the new organization of the Institute his majesty nominated him a member of the French Academy and of the Academy of the Fine Arts. After the death of his first wife, he married Madame de Beaufremont, of the family of Lavauguyon. He was a man of elegant and polished manners, and a highly cultivated mind. He died on the 22d of June of an apoplectic seizure at Aix, whither he had repaired for the benefit of the waters.

ABRAHAM FURTADO,

A Jew, born in 1759, died 29th January last, author of many disquisitions and reports of the two assemblies of the Israelites, convoked in France some years ago. He also published, during his abode in Paris, several anonymous literary essays. He has left in manuscript a work upon "Political Harmonies," in four

volumes, which is announced for publication next spring; "Moral and Political Reflections," in 1 vol.; "Translation of Lucrece;" and a poetical translation of the Book of Job.

LONGEVITY.

At Balogurteen, county of Kilkenny, Jas. Carrol, 106. A few years ago an elder brother of his died, aged 117 years, who was attended to the grave by 80 children and grandchildren, the youngest of whom was above 50 years of age, and there is a son of his now alive, who is near 100 years old, and enjoys good health and the perfect possession of all his faculties.

COL. POOLE OF THE SCOTS GREYS.

At Hackney, Lieut. Col. James Poole, of the Scots Greys, who highly distinguished himself at the battle of Waterloo, where he was covered with wounds. One of these on the head, had since occasioned derangement of mind, in a paroxysm of which he took opium, which proved fatal. He was only 31 years of age, and has left an amiable wife.

CAPT. PORTLOCK.

At Greenwich, Capt. N. Portlock, R.N. of the military department of the Royal Hospital there. He accompanied Captain Cook round the world, and subsequently performed two other similar voyages. The observations made in one of these voyages, performed in company with Capt. Dixon, were published in 1789 in a quarto volume.

CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH FRIGATE AVON.

At Madeira (where he had gone on account of ill health, occasioned by the wounds which he had received while in command of the Avon), Capt. the Hon. James Arbuthnot, R.N.

AUTHOR OF "EMMA," &c.

At Winchester, Miss Jane Austen, youngest daughter of Rev. George Austen, Rector of Steventon, Hants, authoress of "Emma," "Mansfield Park," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Sense and Sensibility."

SARAH HEARN.

In London, Sarah Hearn, aged 100 years and seven months. Thomas, her husband, who had been married to her upwards of half a century, followed her to the grave at the advanced age of 95: he enjoys his health, and walks firmly.

THEROIGNE DE MERICOURT.

At Paris, in the hospital for pauper lunatics of Salpêtrière, where he had lived many years, aged 57, the famous Theroigne de Mericourt, one of the regicides, and the most blood thirsty of the heroes of the Revolution. He repented sincerely of his horrible crimes, and imposed upon himself the dreadful penance of pouring a bucket of cold water upon his bed of straw every night: nothing but the most robust health could have enabled him to endure this punishment. He had but few lucid intervals, and those filled up by the most heart-rending lamentations.

HORRID DEATH.

At Leeds, Martha, daughter of Mr. G. Wilson, jun. Her death was occasioned by drinking a solution of potash, intended for boiling greens.

LAUDANUM.

Mr. Bolton, miller of Newhaven, has lost a fine boy by a fatal carelessness of which but too many instances have lately occurred, as appears by the verdict of the coroner's jury:—"Died by the administration of laudanum, sold instead of Godfrey's Cordial, at a grocer's shop, to which the mother sent for threepenny-worth of that preparation." It is much to be regretted, that ignorant persons are allowed to vend such mortal drugs.



